No. 1492—Vol. 58

THE PENNY ILLUSTRATED PAPER AND ILLUSTRATED TIMES

January 4, 1890

REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST-OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.

London: Printed and Published at the Office, 10, Milford-lane, Strand, in the Parish of St. Clement Danes, in the County of Middlesex, by Thomas Fox, 10, Milford-lane, Strand, aforesaid.

SEE NEW YEAR'S POEM, NEXT PAGE.

A WONDERFUL MEDICINE.

BEECHAM'S PILLS. BEECHAM'S PILLS

BEECHAM'S PILLS. Are universally admitted to be worth a Guinea a Box for Bilious and Nervous Disorders, such as wind and pain in the stomach, sick headache, giddiness, fulness and swelling after meals, dizziness and drowsiness, cold chills, flushings of heat, loss of appetite, shortness of breath, costiveness, scurvy, blotches on the skin, disturbed sleep, frightful dreams, and all nervous and trembling sensations, &c. The first dose will give relief in twenty minutes. Every sufferer is earnestly invited to try one Box of these Pills, and they will be acknowledged to be

BEECHAM'S PILLS. WORTH A GUINEA A BOX.

BEECHAM'S PILLS. For females of all ages these Pills are invaluable, as a few doses of them carry off all humours, and bring about all that is required. No female should be without them. There is no medicine to be found equal to BEECHAM'S PILLS for removing any obstruction or irregularity of the system. If taken according to the directions given with each Box, they will soon restore females of all ages to sound and robust health.

BEECHAM'S PILLS. For a weak stomach, impaired digestion, and all disorders of the liver, they act like "MAGIC," and a few doses will be found to work wonders on the most important organs in the human machine. They strengthen the whole muscular system, restore the long-lost complexion, bring back the keen edge of appetite, and arouse into action with the ROSEBUD of health the whole physical energy of the human frame. These are "FACTS" testified continually by members of all classes of society, and one of the best guarantees to the Nervous and Debilitated is, BEECHAM'S PILLS have the Largest Sale of any Patent medicine in the world.

BEECHAM'S PILLS. BEECHAM'S MAGIC COUGH PILLS.

BEECHAM'S PILLS. As a remedy for Coughs in general, asthma, bronchial affections, hoarseness, shortness of breath, tightness and oppression of the chest, wheezing, &c., these Pills stand unrivalled. They are the best ever offered to the public, and will speedily remove that sense of oppression and difficulty of breathing which nightly deprive the patient of rest.

BEECHAM'S PILLS. Prepared only and sold Wholesale and Retail by the Proprietor, THOMAS BEECHAM, St. Helens, Lancashire, in Boxes, 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. each. Sold by all Druggists and Patent Medicine Dealers everywhere.

THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER

Prevents the Hair from falling off.
Restores Grey or White Hair to its ORIGINAL COLOUR.
Being delicately perfumed, it leaves no unpleasant odour.
Is NOT a dye, and therefore does not stain the skin, or even white linen.
Should be in every house where a HAIR RENEWER is needed.

ASK YOUR CHEMIST OR HAIRDRESSER FOR
THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER.
Price 3s. 6d. per large Bottle.

FLORILINE
FOR THE TEETH AND BREATH.

Is the BEST LIQUID DENTIFRICE in the World.
Prevents the decay of the TEETH.
Renders the Teeth PEARLY WHITE.
Removes all traces of Tobacco smoke.
Is perfectly harmless and delicious to the Taste.
Is partly composed of Honey, and extracts from sweet herbs and plants.

OF ALL CHEMISTS AND PERFUMERS THROUGHOUT THE WORLD
2s. 6d. per Bottle.
FLORILINE TOOTH POWDER, only put in glass jars. Price 1s.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.
MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP
FOR CHILDREN TEETHING,

Greatly facilitates the process of Teething, by softening the gums, reducing all inflammation; will allay ALL PAIN and spasmodic action, and is

SURE TO REGULATE THE BOWELS.

Depend upon it, Mothers, it will give rest to yourselves, and
RELIEF AND HEALTH TO YOUR INFANTS.
Sold by all Chemists, at 1s. 1½d. per Bottle.

BROWN'S
BRONCHIAL TROCHES

☞ Cure Cough, Cold, Hoarseness, and Influenza,
Cure any Irritation or Soreness of the Throat,
Relieve the Hacking Cough in Consumption,
Relieve Bronchitis, Asthma, and Catarrh,
Clear and give strength to the voice of SINGERS,
And are indispensable to PUBLIC SPEAKERS.

Of all Chemists and Patent Medicine Vendors, 1s. 1½d. per Box.

NOTICE.

See that the words "Brown's Bronchial Troches" are on the Government Stamp round each Box, without which none are genuine.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All Artistic and Literary communications for this Journal should be addressed to the Editor of THE PENNY ILLUSTRATED PAPER, and should be accompanied by the name and address of the sender, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.

All communications referring to Advertisements, Subscriptions, or General Business to be addressed to the Publisher, THOMAS FOX, 10, Milford-lane, Strand, London.

PERSONAL POLITICS

"Many Happy Returns."

ALL the world and his wife seem to have united in wishing Mr. Gladstone many happy returns of the day. Gladstonians, Unionists, and Tories have joined with Frenchmen, Egyptians, Armenians, and Russians in showering complimentary messages on the little post-office at Hawarden. Of course, the tribute is largely non-political, and purely personal. Mr. Gladstone is a most attractive figure. He has been the centre of all the great *salons*—political, fashionable, and artistic—of the century. He is a great light at Oxford. He has been an intimate of Newman and Tennyson, of Jowett and Stanley, of Russell and Peel, of Disraeli and Derby. He has lived through the High Church movement, of which he is a devoted, and was—as his review of Lady Georgiana Fullerton's book shows—a very advanced, adherent; through the Broad Church movement; through Free Trade; through two Reform Bills, in both of which he has borne a foremost part; and through any number of great European wars, in some of which he has been concerned. He is the type of the nineteenth century—that restless, striving, unhappy, but ever-progressive time—a Ulysses,

ENTRANCE GATE TO HAWARDEN CASTLE.

"For Ever Roaming with a Hungry Heart."

But, in addition to this, he is a personality of the greatest charm. His talk is a little too much of a monologue, but it is so various, so enthusiastic, and it bubbles over so continuously with geniality and good feeling that the more of it Mr. Gladstone's fellow-guests get the better. I once heard a queer jest by an expert in Japanese matters which showed, perhaps, that Mr. Gladstone's knowledge is not quite so minutely accurate as it is far-reaching. Mr. Gladstone had been talking to this gentleman on his own subject—Japan—among other things. A friend afterwards asked him his opinion of the great man. "Wonderful creature!" said the Japanese specialist: "seemed to know everything that was to be known—except Japan." However, there are some subjects in which Mr. Gladstone is an acknowledged master. They are: Homeric lore, ecclesiastical and Elizabethan history, china, pottery, and bric-à-brac, and the whole political history of the century, which he has literally at his fingers' ends. Time was when he never forgot a date. His memory fails him now, and so he is tabulating everything in the little octagonal iron room, filled with shelves, in which all biographical matter is being collected and arranged. But the old man is just as wonderful a reservoir of rhetorical energy at eighty as he was at forty, when he was the talk of London, as he is now.

The Great Divorce Suit.

Of course, I am not going to say anything about the merits of the divorce case which is pending between Mr. Parnell and Captain O'Shea, but I need not say that it comes as no surprise to any Parliamentary journalist. Of course, mere scandal proves nothing, and less than nothing. But it is known that Captain O'Shea has long talked of action, that, for good cause or bad, the household at Eltham has been broken up, and that an old acquaintanceship had given place to a relentless hostility. The scandal was nearly breaking out at the Commission, during Captain O'Shea's cross-examination, when Mr. Parnell was fixing a cold steely eye on the Captain, and the Captain, neat and natty as ever, was stealing vindictive glances at his old friend and leader. Men held their breaths, but the dramatic moment passed, and there was no disclosure. As for Captain O'Shea, I cannot say that he was ever a very popular member of the House. The greater part of the Parnellites held aloof from him; he was not cordially taken up by the Liberals; and there was an air of forlornness about the stoutish, well-set-up figure with the rose in the buttonhole, the patent boots, the cutaway, well-fitting coat, and the trim moustache and whiskers which used to be so very conspicuous an object in the Lobby during the Parliaments of 1880 and 1885 to 1886. Mrs. O'Shea is a very fine and very handsome woman, of considerable ability and character, a sister of Sir Evelyn Wood.

Parnell the Chemist.

I believe Mr. Parnell's plea will be a complete denial of the charge. He knew for months that it was pending, and, when he saw by reading the *Evening News* that the thunderbolt had fallen, he showed his calm, stoical indifference. As a matter of fact, I don't believe that anything concerns him so closely now-a-days as his chemical experiments. The greater part of his day is spent in his laboratory, and I wonder that no artist has yet thought of that pale haggard face, with the grey mild eyes, tall gaunt form, as a perfectly ideal study for "The Alchemist." It was while conducting some assaying experiments with minerals taken from his quarries that Mr. Parnell caught the cold which prevented him keeping his original engagement at Nottingham. In a quarter of an hour he found his voice had completely gone, and that public speaking was quite out of the question. I may add that his friends and colleagues express their confidence in his ability to clear himself of the charge involved in Captain O'Shea's action. On the other side, I suppose, there is equal confidence.

A Story of John Burns.

I see that a fund has been started to help John Burns to remain in "Labour politics," instead of going back, as he is thinking of going, to his trade as an engineer, when he can, if he pleases, get work to-morrow. I think it necessary to state that there are good grounds for the fund. Burns *is* very badly off, as the following story will show. When young Mr. Tussaud applied to him for leave to dress the lay figure of the agitator which has just been added to the waxworks show in the original straw hat (with the crown knocked out) and the blue serge coat and trousers, Burns had a very practical reply. "They are the only clothes I have," he said. However, as the Tussaud folk were bent on having the clothes, a compromise was arrived at by which Burns got a new suit in exchange for the historic garments which now figure in Marylebone-road. Indeed, I am sorry to say that for the last six weeks Burns, forgotten by the men whom he has helped, has actually been suffering from want of food. I believe him to be a very honest as well as a very capable man, and I hope, if any of my readers count themselves as sympathisers of his, they will send a trifle to the "John Burns Wages Fund," at 6, Gwynne-road, Battersea.

"Labby" and the Prince.

I have very good reason for the statement that Mr. Labouchere, of all persons in the wide world, has had an interview with the Prince of Wales concerning the recent scandals. At all events, there is not the slightest doubt that the Prince, exercising as usual the vigorous common-sense which is his characteristic, has thrown the whole weight of his influence on the side of a full disclosure. He is even said to have urged Mr. Labouchere to go on. He has certainly taken some social steps in the world in which he is supreme to hasten the detection of some notorious offenders. In all these things he has acted a very fearless and also a very resolute part, which will strengthen the hold he has on the respect of a good many people who are not invariable praisers of Royalty.

Lord Salisbury's Health.

I am sorry to see that Lord Salisbury is ill. But, then, Lord Salisbury is seldom in what may be called robust working order. His great fault, physically, is that he won't take exercise. He is a man of full habit, and yet it is the rarest thing in the world to see him, as you constantly see Mr. Gladstone, walking London streets. For twenty times that I have noticed the former, I count, I think, once for the latter. He was then sauntering slowly up the Strand, looking in at the shop-windows. Mr. Gladstone would have been flying up the street at the rate of five miles an hour, or rushing like a torrent in the old booksellers' or "curio" sellers' shops which he affects. To cure the Premier's fault of inactivity, his nephew, Mr. Balfour, has been setting up "links" at Hatfield with a view of getting Lord Salisbury to play that best and healthiest of games, golf. I don't know what success he has achieved, but Lord Salisbury's doctors regard it as of the highest importance that he should spend more hours in the open air and less at his study at Hatfield and his desk at the Foreign Office. For Lord Salisbury is devoted to Foreign Office business, and is one of the hardest workers which that rather leisurely department has ever known.

Politics in the New Year.

The New Year is upon us, and it is likely to be one of the stormiest that politics have known since the rejection of the Home Rule Bill and the last General Election. In Parliament, at least three vast controversies will be opened up—the Parnell Commission, Irish Land Purchase, and Welsh Tithes. In addition to this, the events of the Government of Ireland during the past year will be minutely canvassed by the whole strength of the Opposition. It is probable, too, that we may have debates on labour questions—such as an Eight Hours Bill, an extension of the Factory Acts, mining legislation, friendly societies, and other burning topics. At present, I believe, the Ministerial programme is not complete. At the last moment, it may be made to include what will be practically free elementary education in England. Here is enough to occupy not one Parliament but three.

THE SCENE-SHIFTER.

TO THE NEW YEAR.

You are so young, New Year, and know
So little yet your duties, baby,
You'll quite excuse us if we show
The things you'll have to see to, maybe.
Of course, you're ignorant quite, as yet,
Of all your Yearship should be bringing;
You're still confused, and can't forget
The noise of all last night's bell-ringing.

But all mankind are dying, nearly,
Your darling little voice to hear;
And this is what they're asking clearly,
What have you brought for us, New Year?

We've had a deal too much of work:
We've been, most of us, starving nearly;
We'd have, though labour we don't shirk,
More feeding and less slaving clearly;
But mill-horse lives, just toil and sleep,
With such we're not at all contented;
So this, my man, in mind pray keep;
If it's forgot, 'twill be resented.

Speak up, for we are dying, nearly,
Your generous little voice to hear;
And this is what we're asking clearly,
What have you brought for us, New Year?

Say, have you any plan to make
A decent comfort, give us gladness;
Some leisure, for us all to take
Delight in living, dropping sadness?
As for all rich men, have you brought
For them souls void of greed and vanity?
Do have them by real Christmas taught
To live, not prate, their Christianity.

Speak out, for we are dying, nearly,
Your liberal little voice to hear;
And this is what we're asking clearly,
What have you brought for us, New Year?

Give to us all that very life
Of loving brotherhood Christ died for;
Blot out oppression, avarice, strife;
Bestow that peace we all have sighed for.
No millions, armed for war's red crime!
No armies, hot for wholesale murder!
Let's have no mad Kings in your time,
Nor History bloodier or absurder.

Come, speak, for we are dying, nearly,
Your pleasant little voice to hear;
And this is what we're asking clearly,
What have you brought for us, New Year?

Make lawyers truthful, merchants fair,
And judges not mere rulers' tools;
Make men who use the pen beware
Of forging lies to mislead fools;
Give to us Bishops humbly poor,
Not titled money-bags, our scoff;
And, oh! for M.P.'s who 'll ensure
That all old wrongs shall be swept off!

Do speak, for we are dying, nearly,
Your friendly little voice to hear:
And this is what we're asking clearly,
What have you brought for us, New Year?

Of gifts we need we've named a few;
Of these, and more, have you brought any?
O New Year, do some good, now do,
To free and right and glad the many.
We don't want good gifts for a class,
Nor only for the rich and clever,
But for the ground-down, moaning mass:
We just want all men glad for ever.

Do speak, for we are dying, nearly,
Your kindly little voice to hear:
And this is what we're asking clearly,
What have you brought for us, New Year?

GREENWICH. W. C. BENNETT.

FACTS AND FACES.

Madame Sarah Bernhardt

being deemed by the best judges the foremost histrionic artist of the period, widespread anxiety was naturally occasioned when the rumour circulated on Monday that the great actress had narrowly escaped being burnt to death at the Porte St. Martin during a rehearsal of the new French drama of "Jeanne d'Arc." One learnt with considerable relief next morning that Madame Bernhardt was, as a matter of fact, uninjured. She was in some danger, though. It appears that, owing to the carelessness of a scene-shifter, who was himself unfortunately seriously injured, a fire broke out prematurely in the stake-scene. Calmly stepping down from the fagots, Sarah Bernhardt promptly sped to the aid of the poor scene-shifter (not so adroit as our own particular "Scene-Shifter"), who was sadly burnt. I trust the genius of the great Sarah will delight us for many a year to come.

The Burial of Browning.

More than once I have attended a great public funeral in Westminster Abbey. I saw Dean Stanley buried, and Charles Darwin, but never, certainly, has the noble building seemed more solemnly grand than when the remains of Robert Browning were there laid to rest on Tuesday morning last. I had never imagined Browning to be so widely appreciated a poet, but certain it is that the crowd was greater than at either of the funerals I have mentioned, while the "celebrities" who are supposed to be an attraction on these occasions were fewer. None of the great political leaders, and none of Browning's compeers in song, were present. Nevertheless, it was a never-to-be-forgotten sight; and, while listening to the solemn organ tones and to the words of the poet's wife—set to music for the occasion by Dr. Bridge—

> What would we give to our beloved?
> The hero's heart to be unmoved,
> The poet's star-tuned harp to sweep,
> The patriot's voice to teach and rouse,
> The monarch's crown to light the brows?—
> "He giveth His beloved sleep"—

then, I say, I could not but think that while he would have wished to rest by the side of his "lyric-love" in Florence, the beloved wife would have best desired this tomb for him, with Chaucer and Spenser in Poets' Corner.

A Christmas Dinner.

Dreamers have now and again shadowed forth a social state in which all good citizens will sit down at common tables in the communal dining-rooms, and the Millennium will have arrived. Well, perhaps no one very much regrets the indefinite postponement of this uncomfortable arrangement. But it is possible to regret that winter after winter such vast masses of people have to be dependent on their richer fellows for a dinner on Christmas morning, although one feels that one had better receive a dinner in this way than go without.

Every Christmas morning thousands of dinners are given away through the medium of mission and other philanthropic agencies. I could not be at all these gatherings at the same time, so, accompanied by a P.I.P. artist (whose sketch will be found on another page), I selected on Christmas morning the Gifford Hall Mission in Islington, where some hundreds of dinners are given to the poor of the district. Every dinner-ticket entitled its possessor to a considerable portion of cooked roast beef, hot plum-pudding of excellent quality, baked potatoes, bread, cake, oranges, nuts, tea, salt, and mustard—all the conditions, in fact, of a "square meal." Poor women, poor children!—a sad ending, this, to life, or a sad beginning. A charity dinner! And yet one felt that without this ameliorating agency the poor people would have had a much more dreary Christmas.

Mr. Benjamin Clarke.

The prime mover in this Gifford Hall Mission is Mr. Benjamin Clarke, the editor of the *Sunday School Chronicle* and Secretary of the Farningham Home for Little Boys. Mr. Clarke is energetic in all good work, and I shall never forget a night I spent with him in London streets distributing breakfast tickets to the weary and homeless whom we met.

THE PROMPTER.

MUSIC & THE DRAMA

By New Year's Day, I imagine it must have been generally admitted that, for fun and fancy, Mr. Augustus Harris's latest Drury-Lane pantomime, "Jack and the Beanstalk," is far and away the best of the season. In the deplorably dismal foggy days and nights the dying Old Year conjured up in London—prelude, it is to be hoped, of the brightest of New Year Transformation Scenes—it was inexpressibly cheering to drop into Old Drury and gladden one's eyes with the "Midsummer Night's Dream"-like beauty of the charming opening scene; to smile at the comic entrance of King Harry Nicholls and Queen Herbert Campbell; to be moved to irresistible laughter by the brisk and exuberant drollery of Dan Leno (Mrs. Simpson) and the Brothers Griffiths in the Dairy scene; to admire George Conquest the Younger's mastery of the giant's stride as Goribuster the Great; to pay equal fealty to Miss Agnes Hewitt, Miss Harriet Vernon, and Miss Duggan as Oberon, Jack, and his Princess; and to be, finally, literally entranced by the grandeur and good taste and indescribable fascination of the Procession and Ballet of Gods and Goddesses—a perfect feast of colour, and Augustus Harris's masterpiece. So far from this being the first time that Mr. Harry Nicholls has collaborated with Mr. Harris, that favourite low comedian has for some seasons past done most of the "book" of the pantomime, I believe, for Old Drury. Pageantry, of course, claims first place in "Jack and the Beanstalk," and it is, perhaps, worthy of record that Lord Mayor Isaacs nodded approval from the managerial box of the grand tableaux, which will make the fortune of the Drury-Lane Annual. From first to last "Jack" is bright and attractive; and Harry Payne's vivacious harlequinade worthily crowns Augustus Harris's best pantomime.

"Cinderella" at Her Majesty's is also to be commended for its processional magnificence. I own I prefer the elder Harris's Shakesperean demonstration at Old Drury to the Shakesperean show at Her Majesty's. But Mr. Charles Harris's Procession of Insects in "Cinderella" is a marvel of minute study, costly armour and costumes, and of patient organisation. It delighted a full house the night I was present. By this time, no doubt, more scope has been given such an excellent artist as Miss Minnie Palmer, and such a clever comic vocalist as Mr. Charles Coborn; and fun waxes faster, probably, than it did—as capable "Richard Henry" designed it should in furnishing the libretto of "Cinderella." So captivating an actress as Minnie Palmer ought assuredly to shine more than she was given an opportunity of doing in the sumptuous ball-room scene.

The grand Waterloo Panorama, which has sprung up, as if by magic, in Ashley-place, Victoria-street, Westminster, presents a far more vivid idea of the great contest than a visit to the field of battle itself would. It is a masterpiece of panoramic painting by the Chevalier Philip Fleischer, and has been a source of pleasure to many thousand sightseers since Christmas. The moment chosen is when the Duke of Wellington (a faithful personal souvenir of whom is printed on another page), feeling victory to be at last within his grasp, is giving the signal for the general advance to his Generals; while Napoleon sits on horseback outside a French square, the dying and dead are clustered round our gallant Highlanders, and Blücher's welcome Prussian hosts are hemming in the French in the distance. It is one of the most realistic battle pictures ever painted. As an Englishman, I confess I should have preferred to see Wellington delineated at the critical moment when he uttered the electric command, "Up, Guards, and at 'em!" I know the authenticity of this order is disputed. But I pin my faith on the testimony of Captain Gronow, who explicitly states in his "Recollections" that he heard the Duke say the words, "Guards! get up and charge!"—near enough for our purpose. The Chevalier has furnished the public with a marvellous panorama, the interest in which will be increased by the Waterloo and Wellington Exhibition since thrown open.

THESPIS.

BENSON'S

"LUDGATE" WATCH

Is Better Value than any non-Keyless English Lever ever made.

SILVER CASES. GOLD CASES.

£5.5 £12.12

HIGHEST AWARD GOLD MEDAL, INVENTIONS, 1885, WAS AWARDED TO

BENSON'S "LUDGATE" WATCH

(Patent No. 4658).

THREE-QUARTER PLATE ENGLISH LEVER WATCH of BEST LONDON MAKE, with Chronometer Balance, fully Jewelled, and of special strength throughout.

Made in Four Sizes:—Gentlemen and Youths (as illustrated), Working Men generally, specially large for Miners and Railway Men, and extra small for Ladies.

In Sterling Silver Crystal Glass Cases, **£5 5s.** In 18-carat Gold Crystal Glass Cases, Gentleman's size, **£12 12s.** Lady's size, **£10 10s.**

Guaranteed for Strength, Accuracy, Durability, and Value.

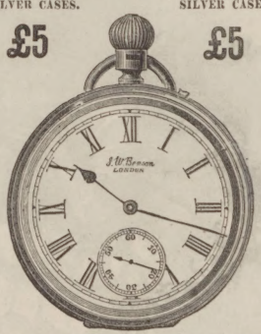
BENSON'S

"BANK" WATCH.

A thoroughly Good and Strong Keyless English Lever.

SILVER CASES. SILVER CASES.

£5 £5



A Silver ENGLISH LEVER, KEYLESS, THREE-QUARTER PLATE Movement, Compensation Balance, Jewelled in Rubies, in Strong Sterling Silver Crystal Glass Cases, **£5.**

Thousands of both these Watches are now being worn in all parts of the world, and Testimonials are received at the Factory daily as to their splendid performance.

On receipt of P.O.O., payable at G.P.O., we forward them free and at our risk to any part of the world.

BENSON'S

GEM JEWELLERY.

Splendid assortment of Pearl and Diamond Rings on View. Constant production of New Designs in Brooches, Pins, Bracelets, and Silver Art Work.

For further particulars see Benson's New ILLUSTRATED BOOK, containing Illustrations of Watches from £2 10s. to £500. Jewellery, Clocks, Presentation and Domestic Plate. The largest and most Complete Catalogue published, free on application to

J. W. BENSON, MAKER TO THE QUEEN,

62 & 64, LUDGATE HILL,

LONDON.

And at 28, Royal Exchange, E.C., & 25, Old Bond-st., W.

BENSON'S CLUBS. Application for Agencies invited.

BLIND LOVE.

WILKIE COLLINS'S LAST ROMANCE.

Published by permission of, and special arrangement with, the Proprietors of "The Illustrated London News."

[THE RIGHT OF TRANSLATION IS RESERVED.]

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE BRIDE AT HOME.

LEFT alone with the woman whose charm still held him to her, cruelly as she had tried his devotion by her marriage, Mountjoy found the fluent amiability of the husband imitated by the wife. She too, when the door had hardly closed on Lord Harry, was bent on persuading Hugh that her marriage had been the happiest event of her life.

"Will you think the worse of me," she began, "if I own that I had little expectation of seeing you again?"

"Certainly not, Iris."

Hugh changed the subject. The purpose which had mainly induced him to leave England had not been mentioned yet.

Alluding to the newspaper, and to the heavy pecuniary demands made by the preliminary expenses of the new journal, he reminded Iris that their long and intimate friendship permitted him to feel some interest in her affairs. "I won't venture to express an opinion," he added; "let me only ask if Lord Harry's investments in this speculation have compelled him to make some use of your little fortune?"

"My husband refused to touch my fortune," Iris answered. "But"— She paused, there. "Do you know how honourably, how nobly, he has behaved?" she abruptly resumed. "He has insured his life; he has burdened himself with the payment of a large sum of money every year. And all for me, if I am so unfortunate (which God forbid!) as to survive him. When a large share in the newspaper was for sale, do you think I could be ungrateful enough to let him lose the chance of making our fortune, when the profits begin to come in? I insisted on advancing the money — we almost quarrelled about it—but, you know how sweet he is. I said: 'Don't distress me'; and the dearest of men let me have my own way."

Mountjoy listened in silence. To have expressed what he felt would have been only to mortify and offend Iris. Old habit (as he had said) had made the idea of devoting himself to her interests the uppermost idea in his mind. He asked if the money had all been spent. Hearing that some of it was still left, he resolved on making the attempt to secure the remains of her fortune to herself.

"Tell me," he said, "have you ever heard of such a thing as buying an annuity?"

She knew nothing about it. He carefully explained the method by which a moderate sum of money might be made to purchase a sufficient income for life. She offered no objection when he proposed to write to his lawyer in London for the necessary particulars. But when he asked her to tell him what the sum was of which she might be still able to dispose, Iris hesitated, and made no reply.

This time, Hugh arrived at the right conclusion.

It was only too plain to him that what remained of her money represented an amount so trifling that she was ashamed to mention it. Of the need for helping her there could be no doubt now; and, as for the means, no difficulties presented themselves to Mountjoy—always excepting the one obstacle likely to be offered by the woman herself. Experience warned him to approach her delicately, by the indirect way.

"You know me well enough," he said, "to feel sure that I am incapable of saying anything which can embarrass you, or cause a moment's misunderstanding between two old friends. Won't you look at me, Iris, when I am speaking to you?"

She still looked away from him. "I am afraid of what you are going to say to me," she answered coldly.

"Then let me say it at once. In one of your letters, written long since—I don't suppose you remember it—you told me that I was an obstinate man when I once took a thing into my head. You were quite right. My dear, I have taken it into my head that you will be as ready as ever to accept my advice, and will leave me (as your man of business) to buy the annuity"——

She stopped him.

"No," she cried, "I won't hear a word more! Do you think I am insensible to years of kindness that I have never deserved? Do you think I forget how nobly you have forgiven me for those cruel refusals which have saddened your life? Is it possible that you expect me to borrow money of You?" She started wildly to her feet. "I declare, as God hears me, I would rather die than take that base, that shameful advantage of all your goodness to me. The woman never lived who owed so much to a man, as I owe to you—but not money! Oh, my dear, not money! not money!"

He was too deeply touched to be able to speak to her—and she saw it. "What a wretch I am," she said to herself; "I have made his heart ache!"

He heard those words. Still feeling for her—never, never for himself!—he tried to soothe her. In the passion of her self-reproach, she refused to hear him. Pacing the room from end to end, she fanned the fiery emotion that was consuming her. Now, she reviled herself in language that broke through the restraints by which good breeding set its seal on a woman's social rank. And now, again, she lost herself more miserably still, and yielded with hysteric recklessness to a bitter outburst of gaiety.

"If you wished to be married happily," she cried, "never be as fond of any other woman as you have been of me. We are none of us worth it. Laugh at us, Hugh—do anything but believe in us. We all lie, my friend. And I have been lying—shamelessly! shamelessly!"

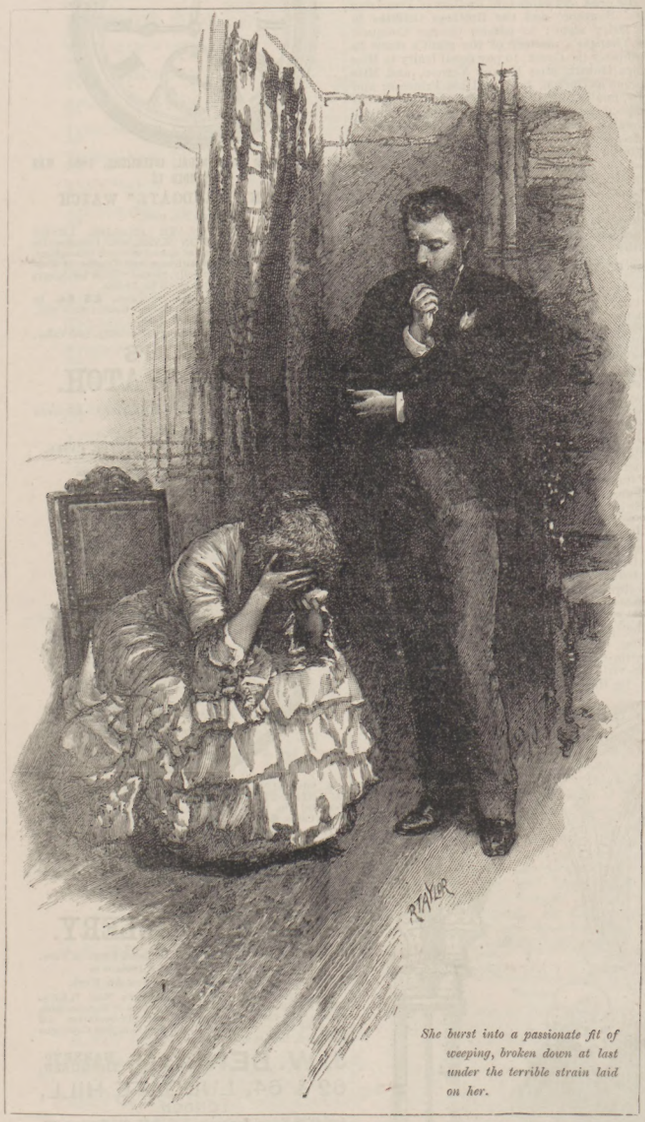
He tried to check her. "Don't talk in that way, Iris," he said sternly.

She laughed at him. "Talk?" she repeated. "It isn't talk; it's a confession."

"I don't desire to hear your confession."

"You must hear it—you have drawn it out of me. Come! we'll enjoy my humiliation together. Contradict every word I said to you about that brute and blackguard, the doctor—and you will have the truth. What horrid inconsistency, isn't it? I can't help myself; I am a wretched, unreasonable creature; I don't know my own mind for two days together, and all through my husband—I am so fond of him! Harry is delightfully innocent; he's like a nice boy: he never seemed to think of Mr. Vimpany, till it was settled between them that the doctor was to come and stay here—and then he persuaded me—oh, I don't know how!—to see his friend in quite a new light. I believed him—and I believe him still—I mean I *would* believe him, but for you. Will you do me a favour? I wish you wouldn't look at me with those eyes that won't lie; I wish you wouldn't speak to me with that voice which finds things out. Oh, good Heavens! do you suppose I would let you think that my husband is a bad man, and my marriage an unhappy one? Never! If it turns my blood to sit and eat at the same table with Mr. Vimpany, I'm not cruel enough to blame the dear doctor. It's my wickedness that's to blame. We shall quarrel if you tell me that Harry is capable of letting a rascal be his friend. I'm happy; I'm happy: I'm happy!—do you understand that? Oh, Hugh, I wish you had never come to see me!"

She burst into a passionate fit of weeping, broken down at last under the terrible strain laid on her. "Let me hide myself!" was all that Iris could say to her old friend—before she ran out of the room, and left him.



She burst into a passionate fit of weeping, broken down at last under the terrible strain laid on her.

THE BRIDE AT HOME.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE MAID AND THE KEYHOLE.

Deeply as she had grieved him, keenly as he felt that his worst fears for her threatened already to be realised, it was characteristic of Mountjoy that he still refused to despair of Iris—even with the husband's influence against him.

The moral deterioration of her, revealed in the false words that she had spoken, and in the deceptions that she had attempted, would have justified the saddest misgivings, but for the voluntary confession which had followed, and the signs which it had shown of the better nature still struggling to assert itself. How could Hugh hope to encourage that effort of resistance to the evil influences that were threatening her—first and foremost, among them, being the arrival of Vimpany at the cottage. His presence kept her in a state of perpetual contention, between her own wise instincts which distrusted him, and her husband's authoritative assertions which recommended him to her confidence. No greater service could be rendered to Iris than the removal of this man—but how could it be accomplished, without giving offence to her husband? Mountjoy's mind was still in search of a means of overcoming the obstacle thus presented, when he heard the door open. Had Iris recovered herself, or had Lord Harry and his friend returned?

The person who now entered the room was the strange and silent maid, Fanny Mere.

"Can I speak to you, sir?"

"Certainly. What is it?"

"Please give me your address."

"For your mistress?"

"Yes."

"Does she wish to write to me?"

"Yes."

Hugh gave the strange creature the address of his hotel in Paris. For a moment, her eyes rested on him with an expression of steady scrutiny. She opened the door to go out—stopped—considered—came back again.

"I want to speak for myself," she said. "Do you care to hear what a servant has to say?"

Mountjoy replied that he was ready to hear what she had to say. She at once stepped up to him, and addressed him in these words:—

"I think you are fond of my mistress?"

An ordinary man might have resented the familiar manner in which she had expressed herself. Mountjoy waited for what was still to come. Fanny Mere abruptly went on, with a nearer approach to agitation in her manner than she had shown yet:—

"My mistress took me into her service; she trusted me when other ladies would have shown me the door. When she sent for me to see her, my character was lost; I had nobody to feel for me, nobody to help me. She is the one friend who held out a hand to me. I hate the men; I don't care for the women. Except one. Being a servant I mustn't say I love that one. If I was a lady, I don't know that I should say it. Love is cant; love is rubbish. Tell me one thing. Is the doctor a friend of yours?"

"The doctor is nothing of the kind."

"Mr. Mountjoy, the doctor is the curse of my mistress's life. I can't bear to see it. If we are not relieved of him somehow, I shall do something wrong. When I wait at table and see him using his knife, I want to snatch it out of his hand, and stick it into him. I had a hope that my lord might turn him out of the house when they quarrelled. My lord is too wicked himself to do it. For the love of God, sir, help my mistress—or show me the way how!"

Mountjoy began to be interested. "How do you know," he asked, "that Lord Harry and the doctor have quarrelled?"

Without the slightest appearance of embarrasment, Fanny Mere informed him that she had listened at the door, while her master and his friend were talking of their secrets.

e had also taken an opportunity of looking through the keyhole. What she had seen was not worth relating. What she had heard, proved to be more important.

The talk between my lord and the doctor had been about raising money. They had different notions of how to do that. My lord's plan was to borrow what was wanted, on his life-insurance. The doctor told him he couldn't do that, till his insurance had been going on for three or four years at least. "I have something better and bolder to propose," says Mr. Vimpany. It must have been also something wicked — for he whispered it in the master's ear. My lord didn't take to it kindly. "How do you think I could face my wife," he says, "if she discovered me?" The doctor says: "Don't be afraid of your wife; Lady Harry will get used to many things which she little thought of before she married you." Says my lord to that: "I have done my best, Vimpany, to improve my wife's opinion of you. If you say much more, I shall come round to her way of thinking. Drop it!"—"All right," says the doctor, "I'll drop it now, and wait to pick it up again till you come to your last bank note." There the talk ended for that day—and Fanny would be glad to know what Mr. Mountjoy thought of it.

"I think you have done me a service," Hugh replied.

"Tell me how, sir."

"I can only tell you this, Fanny. You have shown me how to relieve your mistress of the doctor."

For the first time, the maid's impenetrable composure completely failed her. The smouldering fire in Fanny Mere flamed up. She impulsively kissed Mountjoy's hand. The moment her lips touched it she shrank back: the natural pallor of her face became whiter than ever. Startled by the sudden change, Hugh asked if she was ill.

She shook her head.

"It isn't that. Yours is the first man's hand I have kissed, since"—— She checked herself. "I beg you won't ask me about it. I only meant to thank you, sir; I do thank you with all my heart—I mustn't stay here any longer."

As she spoke the sound of a key was heard, opening the lock of the cottage-door. Lord Harry had returned.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE CONQUEST OF MR. VIMPANY.

The Irish lord came in—with his medical friend sulkily in attendance on him. He looked at Fanny, and asked where her mistress was.

"My lady is in her room, sir."

Hearing this, he turned sharply to Mountjoy. On the point of speaking, he seemed to think better of it, and went to his wife's room. The maid followed. "Get rid of him now," she whispered to Hugh, glancing at the doctor. Mr. Vimpany was in no very approachable humour—standing at the window, with his hands in his empty pockets, gloomily looking out. But Hugh was not disposed to neglect the opportunity; he ventured to say: "You don't seem to be in such good spirits as usual."

The doctor gruffly expressed his opinion that Mr. Mountjoy would not be particularly cheerful, in his place. My lord had taken him to the office, on the distinct understanding that he was to earn a little pocket-money by becoming one of the contributors to the newspaper. And how had it ended? The editor had declared that his list of writers was full, and begged leave to suggest that Mr. Vimpany should wait for the next vacancy. A most impertinent proposal! Had Lord Harry—a proprietor, remember—exerted his authority? Not he! His lordship had dropped the doctor "like a hot potato," and had meanly submitted to his own servant. What did Mr. Mountjoy think of such conduct as that?

Hugh answered the question, with his own end in view. Paving the way for Mr. Vimpany's departure from the cottage at Passy, he made a polite offer of his services.

"Can't I help you out of your difficulty?" he said.

"You!" cried the doctor. "Have you forgotten how you received me, sir, when I asked you for a loan at your hotel in London?"

It was needless to be careful of the feelings of such a man as this. "Suppose you had the

money you want, in your pocket," Hugh suggested, "what would you do with it?"

"Go back to London, to be sure, and publish the first number of that work of mine I told you of."

"And leave your friend, Lord Harry?"

"What good is my friend to me? He's nearly as poor as I am—he sent for me to advise him—I put him up to a way of filling both our pockets—and he wouldn't hear of it. What sort of a friend do you call that?"

Pay him and get rid of him. There was the course of proceeding suggested by the private counsellor in Mountjoy's bosom.

"Have you got the publisher's estimate of expenses?" he asked.

The doctor instantly produced the document. To a rich man the sum required was, after all, trifling enough. Mountjoy sat down at the writing-table. As he took up a pen, Mr. Vimpany's protuberant eyes looked as if they would fly out of his head. "If I lend you the money"—— Hugh began. ("Yes? yes?" cried the doctor)—"I do so on condition that nobody is to know of the loan but ourselves." "Oh, sir, on my sacred word of honour!" An order on Mountjoy's bankers in Paris for the necessary amount, with something added for travelling expenses, checked Mr. Vimpany in full career of protestation. He tried to begin again: "My friend! my benefactor!" He was stopped once more. His friend and benefactor pointed to the clock. "If you want the money to-day, you have just time to get to Paris before the bank closes." Mr. Vimpany did want the money—always wanted the money; his gratitude burst out for the third time: "God bless you!"—— The object of that highly original form of benediction pointed through the window in the direction of the railway station. Mr. Vimpany struggled no longer to express his feelings—he had made his last sacrifice to appearances—he caught the train.

The door of the room had been left open. A voice outside said: "Has he gone?"

"Come in, Fanny," said Mountjoy. "He will return to London either to-night or to-morrow morning."

The strange maid put her head in at the door. "I'll be at the terminus," she said, "and make sure of him."

Her head suddenly disappeared, before it was possible to speak to her again. Was there some other person outside? The other person entered the room: it was Lord Harry. He spoke without his customary smile.

"I want a word with you, Mr. Mountjoy."

"About what, my lord?"

That direct question seemed to confuse the Irishman. He hesitated.

"About you," he said—and stopped to consider. "And another person," he added mysteriously.

Hugh was constitutionally a hater of mysteries. He felt the need of a more definite reply, and asked for it plainly.

"Does your lordship associate that other person with me?"

"Yes, I do."

"Who is the person?"

"My wife."

CHAPTER XXX.

SAXON AND CELT.

The curt exchange of question and answer, which had taken place in the cottage at Passy, between two gentlemen artificially friendly to one another, led to no regrettable result. Lord Harry had been too readily angry: he remembered what was due to Mr. Mountjoy. Mr. Mountjoy had been too thoughtlessly abrupt: he remembered what was due to Lord Harry. The courteous Irishman bowed, and pointed to a chair. The well-bred Englishman returned the polite salute, and sat down. My lord broke the silence that followed.

"With regard to my wife. When I went away this morning with Vimpany—he's not such good company as he used to be; soured by misfortune, poor devil; I wish he would go back to London. As I was saying—I mean as I was about to say—I left you and Lady Harry together this morning; two old friends, glad (as I supposed) to have a gossip about old times. When I come back, I find you left here alone, and I am told that Lady Harry is in her room. What do I see when I get there? I see the finest pair of eyes in the world; and the tale they tell me is, We have been crying. When I ask what may have happened to account for this—'Nothing, dear,' is all the answer I get. What's the impression naturally produced on my mind? There has been a quarrel, perhaps, between you and my wife."

"I fail entirely, Lord Harry, to see it in that light."

"Ah, likely enough! Mine's the Irish point of view. As an Englishman you fail to understand it. Let that be. One thing, Mr. Mountjoy, I'll take the freedom of saying at once. I'll thank you, next time, to quarrel with Me."

"You force me to tell you, my lord, that you are under a complete delusion, if you suppose that there has been any quarrel, or approach to a quarrel, between Lady Harry and myself."

"You tell me that, on your word of honour as a gentleman?"

"Most assuredly!"

"Sir! I deeply regret to hear it."

"Which does your lordship deeply regret?

WEAK AND LANGUID FEELINGS positively yield like magic to the invigorating properties of mild continuous Electric currents, generated by simply wearing one of HARNESS' ELECTROPATHIC BELTS. They are guaranteed genuine; and sceptics may see them scientifically tested and personally examine thousands of testimonials and press reports at THE MEDICAL BATTERY COMPANY'S Electropathic and Zander Institute, 52, Oxford-street, London, W. (corner of Rathbone-place). Consultation free. All communications are regarded as strictly private and confidential, and should be addressed to the President of the Company, Mr. C. B. Harness.—[ADVT.]

THE LATE EMPRESS OF BRAZIL,
WHO DIED AT OPORTO LAST SATURDAY.

That I have spoken to you on my word of honour, or that I have not quarrelled with Lady Harry?"

"Both, sir! By the piper that played before Moses, both!"

Hugh got up, and took his hat: "We may have a better chance of understanding each other," he suggested, "if you will be so good as to write to me."

"Put your hat down again, Mr. Mountjoy, and pray have a moment's patience. I've tried to like you, sir—and I'm bound in candour to own that I've failed to find a bond of union between us. Maybe, this frank confession annoys you."

"Far from it! You are going straight to your subject, at last, if I may venture to say so."

The Irish lord's good-humour had completely disappeared by this time. His handsome face hardened, and his voice rose. The outbreak of jealous feeling, which motives honourable to himself had hitherto controlled, now seized on its freedom of expression. His language betrayed (as on some former occasions) that association with unworthy companions, which had been one of the evil results of his adventurous life.

"Maybe I'll go straighter than you bargain for," he replied; "I'm in two humours about you. My common-sense tells me that you're my wife's friend. And the best of friends do sometimes quarrel, don't they? Well, sir! you deny it, on your own account. I find myself forced back on my other humour—and it's a black humour, I can tell you. You may be my wife's friend, my fine fellow, but you're something more than that. You have always been in love with her—and you're in love with her now. Thank you for your visit, but don't repeat it. Say! do we understand each other at last?"

"I have too sincere a respect for Lady Harry to answer you," Mountjoy said. "At the same time, let me acknowledge my obligations to your lordship. You have reminded me that I did a foolish thing when I called here without an invitation. I agree with you that the sooner my mistake is set right the better."

He replied in those words, and left the cottage.

On the way back to his hotel, Hugh thought of what Mrs. Vimpany had said to him when they had last seen each other: "Don't forget that there is an obstacle between you and Iris which will put even your patience and your devotion to a hard trial." The obstacle of the husband had set itself up, and had stopped him already.

His own act (a necessary act after the language that had been addressed to him) had closed the doors of the cottage, and had put an end to future meetings between Iris and himself. If they attempted to communicate by letter, Lord Harry would have opportunities of discovering their correspondence, of which his jealousy would certainly avail itself. Through the wakeful night, Hugh's helpless situation was perpetually in his thoughts. There seemed to be no present alternative before him but resignation, and a return to England.

(*To be continued.*)

THE COUNTESS OF ZETLAND, VICEREINE OF IRELAND.
From a Photograph by Mr. Lafayette, 30, Westmoreland-street, Dublin.

THE LATE DONA THERESA.

Not long has that estimable gentlewoman the ex-Empress of Brazil survived the sudden deposition of the Emperor by the Brazilian Republic. A touching account is given of her Imperial Majesty's death at Oporto, on Saturday afternoon last, by the Special Correspondent of the *Daily News*. We learn from this well-informed source that Consul Rabello went to the library and told the Emperor, who was in conversation with the librarian, that his presence was necessary at the hotel, because the Empress wished to speak to him. Dom Pedro kissed his wife's forehead, and, kneeling down by the bedside, wept for a long time. "God's will be done!" he said. The Empress's eyes were still open; and Dom Pedro, losing for the first time command of himself, cried, "Is it possible that those dear, kind eyes will never brighten again when they see me?" He then went and closed them reverently and kissed the eyelids. Then he asked to be left alone. He remained thus for some time. When he rang for his attendants he was as if stunned, but calm. When he was asked what orders he had to give, he said, "Keep it all quiet until the festivities in connection with the King's proclamation are over." The news had, however, already been flashed to Lisbon, where it became known as the Mayor of Lisbon was handing the city keys to the King, and the crowd was crying out in jubilant tones, "Real, Real, for our most powerful, most high, and most excellent Sovereign Dom Carlos."

* * * * *

Her Majesty the late Empress Dona Thérésa Christina Maria was born on March 14, 1822, and was a daughter of the late Francis I., King of the Two Sicilies. She was married to the Emperor Pedro II. of Brazil on Sept. 4, 1843; their only child being the Countess d'Eu, with whom and with her husband and the ex-Emperor her Imperial Majesty left Rio Janeiro for Portugal on Nov. 17 last. The late ex-Empress is portrayed from the lifelike portrait by M. Nadar, of Paris.

IRELAND'S NEW VICEQUEEN.

Were the estimable example of Madame Carnot, who gave a superb Christmas fête to the poor children of Paris in the Elysée, Paris, but followed generally by the opulent and titled grand ladies of this country, much would be done to bridge the gulf which separates the privileged rich from the indigent, whom we have ever, alas! among us. At the commencement of her social reign in Dublin the Countess of Zetland has a golden opportunity to cheer the hearts of her humblest neighbours by a little timely hospitality. In Dublin Castle there is bound to be plenty of feasting for the favourites of fortune and the drones of Society. But what is urgently needed is that Lady Zetland, blessed with a pretty face and a sunny smile, should shed sunshine on the poorest quarters of Dublin by a series of Carnot festivals that shall link the hearts of all classes together. Lord and Lady Zetland could easily by this means make themselves the most popular Viceroy and Vicequeen of Ireland.

* * * * *

The Earl of Zetland is the son of an Irish lady, his father, Mr. J. C. Dundas, having married a daughter of Mr. James Talbot of Wexford. The noble Earl, who held a commission in the Royal Horse Guards Blue, married, in 1871, Lady Lilian Lumley, third daughter of the late Earl of Scarborough. Her Ladyship's grace, beauty, and affability cannot fail to gain many friends for herself and the new Lord Lieutenant.

MR. LABOUCHERE'S CURE FOR INFLUENZA.

Mr. Henry Labouchere, M.P., is to be congratulated on his recovery from an attack of influenza. The hon. member cured himself, and thus described the cure in *Truth*: "I like to be in the fashion, so I bore my fate with equanimity when I discovered that I had caught last week the prevailing epidemic. All of a sudden I seemed to have caught a cold, and took to sneezing, &c. Then came a cough, a headache, and an all-overish ache. Knowing that it was not dangerous, I proceeded to doctor myself by the light of common-sense. To prevent any fever, I at once administered to myself 30 grains of quinine—that settled the fever. To meet the cough, I took unlimited squill pills—that settled the cough. To meet the cold I went to bed, heaped on my bed blankets, and took nothing but slops—that settled the cold. In four days I was quite well. I give my experiences for the benefit of others who may be attacked."

"Ireland in London" is the title of a sixpenny brochure which cannot fail to be of great interest to every Irish resident in the metropolis. From Steele to Mr. T. P. O'Connor, M.P., eminent Irish Londoners of all classes are hit off brightly by MM. F. A. Fahy and D. J. O'Donoghue in the illustrated pages of "Ireland in London"; and one rises from a perusal of the capitally written book with a keener appreciation of the genial and talented race whose brotherhood with England we have always done our utmost to promote in *The Penny Illustrated Paper*. This work, by two clever members of the *Freeman's Journal* staff, is published by Mr. F. C. Beveridge London Manager of that paper, at 211, Strand.

HOW THE WORLD WAGS

HER MAJESTY at Osborne, and the Prince and Princess of Wales at Sandringham, kept Christmas in their usual kindly manner, presenting the customary welcome gifts to their tenants and households.

The Prince of Wales leaves Sandringham for the season next Tuesday, when he goes to visit Baron Hirsch at Merton Hall, Lord Walsingham's place near Thetford, when there will be a series of partridge-drives. H.R.H. comes to town from Merton on Saturday week, and will be joined by the Princess (from Sandringham) on Monday, the 13th, and on the following day they go to Dorsetshire to visit Lord and Lady Wimborne at Canford Manor, returning to town on Saturday, the 18th. The Prince will pay a brief visit to the Queen at Osborne before he starts for the Continent.

The circumstantial story about the impending betrothal of the Duke of Augustenburg and Princess Maud of Wales, which was telegraphed last week from Berlin, was palpably untrue, says the *World*, for the Prince and Princess have actually never met. It is a marriage which would, no doubt, be very acceptable to the Royal family, for the Duke, who is a young man of excellent character and disposition, is not only a brother of the German Empress and a nephew of Prince Christian, but his mother is Princess Adelaide of Hohenlohe-Langenburg, a daughter of Princess Feodore of Leiningen, the daughter of the Duchess of Kent by her first marriage.

The Duke of Augustenburg, who was born in August 1863, owns large estates in Silesia, and he has an allowance of £16,000 a year from the Prussian Government to compensate him for the loss of his ancestral estates in Schleswig-Holstein. It is a curious fact that his mother, the Duchess of Augustenburg, would have married the Emperor Napoleon in 1852 but for the opposition of the Queen and the Prince Consort.

I give the following, says *Truth*, under reserve: In a Royal smoking-room the other day the conversation turned upon the protests which some of my Radical contemporaries have made against the appearance of the Duke of Fife upon Unionist platforms. "Very stupid of the Rads," said one distinguished personage, "to make such a fuss about Fife appearing in politics, when Lorne has been doing the same thing for years without any objection." "Very stupid indeed," replied his august relative. "It is simply straining at a gnat after swallowing a Campbell."

Mr. Gladstone, on Sunday, Dec. 29, celebrated the eightieth anniversary of his birthday. In the morning he attended the church at Hawarden with Mrs. Gladstone and several members of his family, and read the lessons. He received more letters and telegrams of congratulation than in previous years. The Prince and Princess of Wales sent a kindly message from Sandringham; an address was received from members of the Legislative Assembly of New South Wales; and one telegram came from Massachusetts. The Khedive of Egypt, Lord Tennyson, and the Duke of Westminster sent remembrances. Mr. Gladstone was also the recipient of the heartiest greetings, by letter or telegram, from a multitude of personal friends and supporters, and from numerous political organisations in all parts of the United Kingdom.

Mary Ann Taylor, the widow who, in Christmas week, cut the throats of three of her daughters, murdering two of them and nearly killing the third, at Polegate, was charged at the Hailsham Petty Sessions on Saturday with murder. The principal witness was the son of the accused, whose evidence showed that on the night of the murders she was under the delusion that it was morning. On a remand being granted the prisoner fainted, and had to be carried out of the dock.

Great excitement was caused at King's-cross on Monday morning last by the overturning of an omnibus. It appears that just before half past eight one of the Road Car Company's omnibuses plying between the Offord Arms, Caledonian-road, and Victoria Station, started on its journey, the vehicle being crowded inside and out by passengers. When some 200 yards from King's-cross Station the omnibus suddenly overturned owing to the axle-tree snapping. One of our Artists sketches the accident. The outside passengers were thrown with great violence to the ground, and loud screams were raised by the female passengers inside. A number of persons ran to the spot to render assistance. The inside passengers, who were cut by the broken glass, were got out, and those who had been thrown from the top of the vehicle were placed in cabs and removed to the Royal Free Hospital, Gray's Inn-road. Two of them were found to have received such serious injuries that it was deemed necessary to detain them. One was Frank Jeffrey, aged fifty, of Caledonian-road, who was suffering from a double dislocation of the shoulder, and the other was Walter Males, of 67, Ospering-road, Finsbury Park, who had his left arm broken and other injuries. Four other patients were surgically treated. Other persons who had also received slight injuries went to some neighbouring medical men and had their injuries attended to, after which they went home. The driver escaped with some slight injuries.

OMNIBUS ACCIDENT IN THE CALEDONIAN-ROAD.

At Bow-street, on Saturday, Henry George Wier, who was described as a compositor, was charged with inciting people, at a meeting in Hyde Park, to murder Mr. George Livesey, chairman of the South Metropolitan Gas Company. On behalf of the London Society of Compositors, Mr. Besley stated that the Society were not represented at the meeting in question, and that any opinions expressed by Mr. Wier were his own individual opinions. A constable who heard the prisoner's speech gave evidence as to the words used; and upon this a remand was ordered, bail being refused.

Shortly before nine o'clock on Boxing night a fire broke out at Gatti and Rodesano's restaurant at 166, Strand. One of the kitchen men, named Elisco Sassella, went back to secure some of his personal property, and then found that his retreat was cut off. He jumped from a window 30 ft. high, and was so severely injured that he had to be taken to the Charing-cross Hospital. The fire was not extinguished until the upper part of the restaurant had been destroyed, and the lower part much damaged.

William Dukes was executed at Manchester on the 23rd ult. for the murder of George Gordon, his employer's son, at Bury.

Three men were executed on Tuesday morning, two at Leeds and one in Maidstone Jail. This last, William Hook, as Berry was adjusting the rope, said, "Good-bye, all my old friends. Now for the great secret."

Another death to be recorded is Dr. Charles Mackay (who was buried in Kensal-green Cemetery on Thursday), and, later, that of Mr. Frank Marshall, editor of the "Henry Irving Shakspere," and husband of Miss Ada Cavendish.

HOLIDAY FARE AT THE GIFFORD HALL MISSION.—[SEE "FACTS AND FACES."]

LEGAL COLUMN

["*Lex*" *will be happy to answer simple questions of Law put to him concisely by readers of* "*The Penny Illustrated Paper.*"]

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

NEMO.—The six-years limit in the Statute of Limitation does not apply to bankruptcy in such a case as you mention.

M. D.—Twenty years' use of a right of way might create a prescriptive right.

ALBERT.—The husband in the case you mention can apply to the Court of Chancery or a County Court for a declaration that the investments are his, but a solicitor should first be consulted.

H. E.—H. E. ordered clothes from his tailor, and they were lost in the Parcel Post. But H. E. made a claim on the Post Office authorities for the amount in proper form, and the tailor wants to be paid. H. E. has clearly treated the Post Office as his agent, and he had better compromise with the tailor and press the Post Office for compensation.

T. M. H. P.—If the land is freehold the daughter of the deceased's eldest brother takes it, and the same rule applies, of course, to a freehold house. In the case of leaseholds, the property would go to the second husband, who must administer.

X. Y. Z.—If a promissory note be payable on demand, the time does not run until demand is made; but demand need not be made in any strict and precise form. Get a new note within six years of date.

H. B.—H. B., having been married seventeen years, now finds that his wife was a married woman at the date of his marriage to her, and he wishes to know whether his marriage is legal. Of course, if the first husband were alive at the time of the second marriage, the second marriage cannot possibly be legal.

EMPLOYER wishes to know whether the Shop Hours Regulations Act 1886 (Sir John Lubbock's Act) does not apply to apprentices. This Act prohibits the employment of a "young person" in a shop for a longer period than seventy-four hours, including meal times, in any one week; but the "young person" means only persons under the age of eighteen years.

LEX.

THE RACING WORLD

THOUGH frost is due to put in an appearance in the last week of an old year, our trainers always hope most fervently that it may not come, so that they will have a little extra time to make up their minds as to nominating the youngsters who on the First of January attain a legal age of two years. A very important business indeed is that, and requiring a lot of determination and foresight. Amateur gardeners know that not one in a thousand can be trusted to thin his grapes properly—that is to say, freely enough. Somehow it does seem a sin and a shame to cut out such a nice show of promising berries. In like manner it wants quite a powerful mind to resist the dreadfully numerous temptations

To Give the Young 'Uns a Chance

in all manner of big stakes, which mean a fortune to the winner, and appear to entail such very trifling liabilities. If there were only a few of these it would not so much matter, but we have a long list of them, and forfeits have a way of mounting up so readily that "the demition total" is startling before you know you owe anything. The knack of well engaging young horses is a gift appertaining to but few, and of inestimable value in several ways; for nothing is more vexatious to a sportsman than to find that he has a real flyer, but cannot boast an entry for a rich prize. Not only is there the mortification at not being able to cut in for the big plums, but the worth of the animal itself is reduced wofully.

At Newmarket, during the last few days, there has been

More Talk of Fight than Racing.

Great interest is always taken there in the noble art, and, if you will promise not to repeat it, I may tell you that I have been at many a fight and glove-fight in company with some well-known trainers who use the Jockey Club's gallops. Joe and Tom Cannon were taught to box almost as soon as they were taught to ride. Tom Cannon, who next season—or, I should say, this—will be Mr. Abington's first jockey, gave lessons in the pigskin and the other leather, chamois, to Morony and Tom junior while they were quite nippers. The taste and ability to use Nature's weapons runs in the family. Now that Joe has so great responsibilities, he cannot, of course, risk the inconvenience attaching to seeing a merry mill as he could when he was freer. Some years ago he assisted at one of the

Funniest Episodes on Record.

I am not certain whether I ever told the story before. It is literally true, and always tickles me when I think of it. A fight came off on the Sussex Downs near a biggish round pond. Just as it was all over, the force—a fat policeman—put in an appearance, and went for a burly spectator, who made for the side of the pond opposite the enemy. Policeman X. started to chase this gentleman round the pond. His potential prisoner, who could run a lot the faster, was too flurried to think exactly of what he was doing, and fled from the bold bobby at such a pace that he had as nearly as possible

Caught the Policeman

before he concluded to make tracks across country.

In a quiet sort of way a good deal of sport which is not altogether legal goes on at Newmarket. Now and then a sport which used to be given prominence in the *Racing Calendar* has a turn, and then there are plenty of cocks forthcoming, some of which have been strutting about trainers' stableyards before they went into other trainers' hands. A locality good for getting animals fit ought to suit athletes also, and,

THE RABBIT'S STRATEGY.

The Rabbit: Gracious, I'm caught this time—a double-barrelled gun! If he misses with one barrel he'll surely hit me with the other.

considering how all sports almost are intermixed in their interests, it is not surprising that so many fighting-men have taken their breathings in the neighbourhood. Smith trained in the little town before going to Belgium—an expedition which may, in indirect fashion, affect

1890's Racing History

more than might be thought possible, for—but I am getting too much off regular racing metals, and so will pull up short, and try back.

A posse of Australians, friends of Mr. James White, paid a visit to headquarters on Saturday, and saw that gentleman's three horses—Plutarch, the old horse, and the two Derby colts, Narellan and Kirkdale—go three quarters of a mile. Of course, no one was told what weights they carried, but there is no doubt that they

Pleased Old Mat Dawson.

Narellan finished in front of Kirkdale, but that may not mean anything. Both the new three-year-olds raced with great resolution, and, despite all that the touts say as to their being only commoners, not only have good pace, but look like growing the right way. Reports of anything but assuring nature are current concerning Surefoot. We should all regret were the stories one is obliged to hear proved correct—viz. that this magnificent fellow, who was tried 3 st. better than Zizca, has turned

Rogue and Savage.

That would be, indeed, hard lines for Mr. Merry, as it does not often fall to a sportsman's lot to have such a splendid animal once in a lifetime. His bad luck would mean good luck for other nominators, but I do not expect that the reports are quite truthful. Anything against horse, or, for that matter, man, is so very easily exaggerated with force that does not apply if a good word can be said. I may make a note that whoever may win the Derby this year will take the first of the new series arranged in the hope of keeping the time-honoured contest in its old pride of place. Since it was instituted it has been chopped and changed about surprisingly, as people would see if they examined its history closely. Not only the conditions but the courses have been varied, the track or tracks more than the terms, until the Epsom executive made the bold departure of remodelling the entry, forfeit, and,

Boldest Departure of All

for them, actually guaranteeing a lump sum. Under the new order of things forfeit had to be declared this week, so that for those left in now it is to owners a play-or-pay race of £50 each. Let us hope that the change will be a change for the better. I note a growing inclination to back

Garter for the Blue Ribbon.

Certainly, Mr. Hammond's is a colt of an improving sort, and seemed to come on well towards last backend. I am told that he is doing capitally in these winter months, and that the money recently invested on his account came from the right quarter. But, goodness gracious! what is the good of betting on a race not to be decided until the summer, when you will get plenty of semi-certainties with a nice price and a small handful of runners once, or perhaps two or three times, per day, when flat-racing begins? My Newmarket correspondent is in love with some of the steeplechasers trained by Jewitt, and talks about the stable winning the Grand National Steeplechase next March, just as other friends prattle of this or that being good to back for the Derby. Such ardent prophets make no account of the chapter of accidents attending on racing stock, of all manner of developments among the crowds of other horses engaged or likely to be engaged, nor, in this particular instance, of the Grand National being a handicap steeplechase. I make no doubt that in Empress, Rokesby, and Liffey Bank the great and affable Mr. J. J. has three very fair chasers. They will be well prepared, and have the advantage of highly skilled supervision all round; but we will not, if you please, talk about winning this jumping race just yet awhile. The only certainty I know for it is that poor old Coronet cannot take it, seeing that Mr. Gardiner Muir's splendid hunter has succumbed to the injuries sustained at Sandown Park. His owner, his trainer, and the jockey who would probably have ridden him at Aintree, Arthur Nightingall, were looking forward very hopefully to that event. "There lies my poor Grand National winner!" said Nightingall, as he came away from the poor brute at Sandown, and was half crying when he said it.

THE WORLD OF PASTIME

Christmas Pudding

and Christmas holidays interfere very much with outdoor sports—always except when skating is to be had. In some few instances Christmas is seized upon as a favourable season for tours of football clubs, and, in parts of England, Christmas Day itself is selected for the decision of important matches. But with many postponements are more in vogue. This was the case near London, where the most important fixture that did not come off was that of the Harlequins v. Blackheath. Certainly, in the case of so important a contest, a postponement is better than a match played under unsatisfactory conditions of imperfect representation, but it might be as well if clubs were to accept the inevitable in connection with Christmas week when making their fixtures, and leave the date free altogether. Then there would be no vexation of spirit on the part of those who attend and find no match. The Richmond fixture was also off.

But the Rugby game was well to the fore on Saturday last, both in the field and at the council-board; for on that day the International Board met at Manchester to consider the proposals of the Rugby Union for settling the long-standing dispute by

Arbitration.

Scotland, Ireland, and Wales each sent two representatives who were quite unanimous, and drew up an agreement under which they would accept the said arbitration. The arbitrators are to be two in number—one for the International Board and one for the Rugby Union, neither to have any practical connection with the Rugby game, and, if they cannot agree, they are to have power to elect a referee. The decision of the arbitrators (as of the referee) is to be final and binding. The Board have nominated the Right Hon. John Hay Athol M'Donald,

Lord Justice Clerk of Scotland,

as their arbitrator. For the Rugby Union

Lord Harris

has been spoken of, but of course another meeting of that body will have to be called before anything definite can be known on this point. What Rugby footballers are interested in noting is that there is a decided disposition on both sides to come to a settlement, one way or another, and we know that

Where There's a Will There's a Way.

When affairs are happily settled the series of international matches, whose course has been so rudely stopped, will be rendered all the more interesting from the lapse of time since one was played.

In the North, the Old Leysians, on tour, beat Manchester by two goals to nothing; while, at Halifax, the Bradford team, which had beaten, in turn, all the crack London fifteens, had to succumb to Halifax. The excitement was enormous, and

Twelve Thousand

persons witnessed the match. Halifax scored two goals in the first half, and won by that score to a try. Of the county matches that were played, the principal was Middlesex v. Somersetshire, at Weston-super-Mare. It ended in a draw, neither side scoring. Both teams were of great strength, and the play was very fine. Suffolk beat Norfolk by a goal to two tries, the reward of good place-kicking. At Richmond the Old Merchant Taylors beat London Scottish by two tries to nil. This would have been a meritorious feat indeed, had the Scotsmen been in full strength, but it was a very scratch team, and one man short. Three of the London Scottish very best were playing for Middlesex against Somersetshire. The chief results of the

Football League

were the defeat of the Blackburn Rovers by Everton by four goals to two, this result being particularly valuable to the winners, as it enabled them to supplant the Rovers in the second position in the list, which is still headed by Preston North End. Derby County brought off one of those surprises which are not unconnected with the career of Aston Villa, who were beaten by five goals to love, and the Wolverhampton Wanderers and West Bromwich Albion played a drawn game of one goal each.

Preston North End were playing another of their matches against

The Corinthians,

who, in spite of being in full force, and of the fact that their opponents played one man short for some time, were beaten, North End scoring two goals to one. Graham, the winners' full back, had his collar-bone broken soon after half-time; and his was, unfortunately, far from being the only football accident, Saturday being prolific of such.

A "Swansea Man"

writes, and I gladly print his communication, that Swansea's football team "thus far has been undefeated this season. Swansea has played fourteen matches, won eleven, drawn three, and lost none, while Cardiff and Newport have lost three of the same number of matches played by them. To show that Swansea's opponents have been 'foemen worthy of their steel,' I may mention among others whom they have beaten—Cardiff, Aspull (Lancashire), Brighouse Rangers, Guy's Hospital, Llanelly, Oxford University, Runcorn—a team who came into Wales with an unbroken record of thirteen victories, and on Thursday week they defeated the London Welsh by two goals four minors to one minor, a team against whom Newport scored only one goal. I have no intention of detracting from the merits of either Cardiff or Newport, but only ask for fair play for Swansea."

The English Cricket Team in India

has beaten the Calcutta Eleven in very easy fashion, the local team at the close of their second innings leaving the visitors only twenty-nine runs to make, which task was, of course, easily accomplished.

Billiards.

The extraordinarily superior skill of John Roberts jun. at the all-round game has naturally cramped the making of money matches at billiards. Roberts objects to playing the spot-in game, and none of the others feels safe in playing him, even with the huge start he is willing to allow—viz. half the points. Some of the second-class players are sparring with the supposed view to matches, but nothing definite has been done. So Roberts comes with a novel proposal to enliven proceedings. He

Challenges the World

to play pyramids, and will give any other player one ball start in each game, the match to consist of twenty-one or fifty-one games. Pyramids, which used to be a standing dish at all billiard exhibitions, is now rarely played, while at no time were matches for the championship numerous. It is quite an age ago since W. Cook and D. Richards played a very exciting match for the title, in which they were eight games all (eleven to win) and seven balls all. One may imagine the game at single pool which followed. Richards eventually ran in, it being a close thing between the two balls which went into the pocket. Except with those who like to have "something on," pyramids can never be so popular as billiards, which possesses so much

More Variety.

In connection with Roberts's challenge, my fear is that no one will take it up. They do not play pyramids in America as we do here: indeed, their whole system of billiards is different, and, they say, superior. They call our three-ball pocket game monotonous. The cannon-game they play became so machine-like in time that they have had to invent a system of baulk-lines, drawn a certain distance from the cushions, within which no two consecutive cannons may be made. This line was first ten, then twelve, and now fourteen inches from the cushion. A vastly superior game, truly, which requires all these amendments!

BANSHEE.

A FAIR, BEAUTIFUL SKIN.—SULPHOLINE SOAP gives the natural tint, and makes the skin smooth, supple, healthy, comfortable. 6d. tablets. Everywhere.—[ADVT.]

TO OVERCOME WEAKNESS.—PEPPER'S QUININE AND IRON TONIC gives new life, health, strength, and energy. In 2s. 6d. Bottles. Everywhere. Insist on having Pepper's.—[ADVT.]

A NEW-YEAR FAIRY STORY.

THE GOOD AND BAD FAIRIES,

AND

HOW THE GOOD TRIUMPHED.

My dear Children, you asked me to tell you why it is that you are all so healthy, so full of good spirits, and so happy in all things, when there are so many that we meet every day that have none of these blessings, but who are thin and ill, every step they take painful, and seemingly quite incapable of enjoying this beautiful world of ours.

I will tell you. It is because you are guarded by a wonderful Talisman, which has shielded you from your earliest infancy, and which is the gift of the Good Fairies, who spend all their time in watching and keeping from harm the little ones in every home that possesses it; for everyone can have it if they will only ask for it, and their children will grow up healthy and strong, as you have done.

But to make you understand it all, we must go back a long time—many, many years before you were born—when the Wicked Fairies had it all their own way, and there were none to say them nay. You have all heard of the Wicked Fairies who used to take the dear little babies, just born, out of their cots, and carry them ever so far away, leaving in their place poor little shrivelled-up mites, who looked more like bags of bones than children.

Especially at that time there were two—oh! such Wicked Fairies; nothing good about them, whose names I will tell you presently, who always were trying how much harm they could do, and never were so happy as when they were causing some misery or other to the Earth Children, as our race was called in those long-past days; so, whenever they could, they would steal away some dear little plump, crowing, darling little baby, and leave in its place a poor, wizened, miserable little thing, that everyone said was a "changeling" directly it was seen.

Did you ever hear of anything so wicked and cruel?

How long this would have gone on no one can say. Perhaps, instead of sitting now, this Christmas night, all of us around the warm fireside, so happy each of you listening to mamma's "Fairy Story," one and all of you might have been far away from home and friends, down in the depths of the earth, digging and delving to please the Wicked Fairies who had stolen you away, and who never say a kind word, and who would tear and pinch you for very mischief. Are you not thankful that it is not so?

Luckily for you, there are Good Fairies as well as bad ones—so kind and true, just the reverse of those I have told you of—who pass all their time in doing good and being kind to the Earth Children; and there were also two of these whose names you shall also soon know, who could not bear to see the way in which the Wicked Fairies treated their pets, and so they set to work and thought, and thought, and thought how they could prevent their being stolen away and treated so badly. At last they discovered that they must find a certain Talisman, which was of such a wondrous nature that whoever had it in the house where they lived would be quite free from the attacks of all the Wicked Fairies, especially the two that did so much harm. Such a wonderful Talisman this! No one before had ever heard of such a thing—not large, encased in white paper with cabalistic letters on it, and yet it not only protects children from every ill, but it provides them with delicious food, which never disagrees with them, and soon makes even a changeling plump and strong. Then the question was, How is this Talisman to be found? Where is it? Where could it be hidden? Surely, nowhere on earth? Such a treasure must be hidden away in the moonbeams, or on some distant star. So off they went from star to star, then to the moon, but the man in it did not know anything about the "Talisman"; so at last they were nearly tired with their search, and almost gave up hope, when, having coming back again to earth, they saw a dear old wise, clever physician, surrounded with books even more clever than himself, who for years had been trying to find the same Talisman that they had themselves tried so hard to find; and now he had nearly found it, and, indeed, would have quite found it, but that it could not be found by mortal man without the Fairies' help.

So, at once, the two Good Fairies, whose names were Knowledge and Carefulness, went and sat one on each side of the good doctor, prompting him and helping him on; and soon the Talisman appeared, and the good doctor gave it to all his patients; and all their children became well and strong. And all the Wicked Fairies, with the two whose names were Ignorance and Neglect, fled away, utterly powerless for harm, except to those who would not keep the Talisman. And, although there are many foolish ones who have not even yet obtained it, there are thousands upon thousands of children—yes, and grown-up men and women too—who hourly bless the good Physician and the kind Fairies, through whose exertions they are saved from Ill-Health, Disease, and Death. And you, my dear children, take to heart this little story, and, as you grow up, be sure you continue friends with the Good Fairies I have told you of, for you will always find Knowledge a powerful friend in need, and that with Knowledge combined with Carefulness you will escape almost every ill that can come upon you. And what is this Talisman, possessing all these marvellous properties? Can you guess? You have seen it often enough. Why, a tin of Dr. Ridge's Patent Cooked Food—a Talisman, indeed, giving Health, Strength, and Comfort, and Quiet Nights.—[ADVT.]

A NEW YEAR'S BALL-ROOM COMEDY: FAVOURED AND FLOUTED.

At the gay dance was in full sway
Miss Grace was captured by the way,
Held for awhile in solemn parley
By her glum second cousin Charley.
Of one thing only could he tell,
And that was how he loved her well:
Could she take pity on his woe?
She shook her head and sighed out "No."

But in an instant cleared her glance,
A partner claimed her for the dance—
One who had gained her maiden vows
To be to him a loving spouse:
So, hearts in tune as well as feet,
They mingled with the dancers fleet,
Careering blissfully around
To love's as well as music's sound.

THE WORKMAN'S WIFE: "Do think of me and the children! Join Hand and Heart: that is the proper Union!"

WOMAN'S VIEW OF THE GREAT LABOUR DIFFICULTY.

CORONATION OF THE KING OF PORTUGAL.

A YOUNG King of fair complexion, Carlos I. has only to be fair-minded in his negotiations with England to steer clear of the existing difficulty occasioned by the bellicose conduct of Major Serpa Pinto in East Africa. Our readers may be interested in the fresh portraits we print of the new King and Queen of Portugal, apropos of the brilliant Coronation festivities. Premising that Carlos I., son of the late King Luis, was born on Sept. 28, 1863, and married in 1886 to a daughter of the Comte de Paris, we may express our regret that the crowning ceremony in the Capital of Portugal was clouded by the painful news of the death of the venerated ex-Empress of Brazil, who is portrayed on another page. The young King and Queen, however, were spared the sad intelligence during the earlier portion of the legal functions. Lisbon is said to have participated heartily in the rejoicings of Saturday last. At 11 a.m. the cortège of King Carlos and Queen Amelia started from Belem Castle under strong escort, and accompanied by several military bands playing the Portuguese National Anthem. It consisted of eight State coaches, six of which were filled with Court officials and other exalted personages. In the seventh rode Dom Alfonso, Duke of Oporto, the King's only brother, and in the eighth, drawn by eight horses, each led by a gorgeous Court lackey, sate their Majesties, "en grand gala," Dom Carlos being arrayed in his robes of State over the uniform of a Portuguese Field-Marshal. From Belem to the Palace of the Cortes all the thoroughfares, along which the procession passed at a foot-pace, were lined on each side by troops of the Lisbon garrison.

In the Upper Chamber both Houses of the Portuguese Legislature had assembled to receive their Sovereign, to whom on his arrival the oath of fealty to the Constitution was administered by the President of the House of Peers in the customary form, his Majesty, sceptre in hand, swearing to maintain the religion, laws, and integrity of his kingdom. The completion of this solemn rite was then proclaimed by the Grand Ensign of State from the balcony of the Chamber to the people gathered together in the great courtyard below, its announcement being greeted with enthusiastic applause. From the Palace of the Parliament their Majesties proceeded to the Cathedral of San Domingo, where a Te Deum was sung in their presence, and thence to the Townhall, at the chief entrance of which they were received by the Municipal Council, whose President presented the keys of the city to Dom Carlos on a velvet cushion sumptuously embroidered with gold. The King having promptly restored these insignia of municipal authority and privilege to their appointed custodian, the Mayor of Lisbon, raising the city standard with both hands, announced the Royal proclamation to his fellow-citizens amid loud and prolonged cheering. Salvoes of artillery from the harbour forts and naval squadron intimated the conclusion of the ceremonies.

CARLOS I., THE NEW KING OF PORTUGAL.
CROWNED LAST SATURDAY.

THE NEW QUEEN OF PORTUGAL.
CROWNED LAST SATURDAY.

THE WORLD OF WOMEN

BEFORE these lines are in print we shall have heard the bells from many a church tower "Ring out the Old. Ring in the New." Some of you, perhaps, have attended Watch Night services, and been impressed with the thought that you have reached

Another Milestone

on your road. But it will not do you any good to be too solemn over your pilgrimage. You ought to begin hopefully, determined as far as possible to look on the bright side of things. I do not say it is easy, but you might try. We are not quite as fond of giving

New Year's Gifts

in England as they are in France and in America. The Christmas Box with us takes the place of the New Year's gift. And yet in the olden time in this country it was a very common thing to give presents on the first day of the year. It seems rather strange in the old chronicles to read of Queen Elizabeth getting a present of £40 on New Year's Day from the

Archbishop of Canterbury.

It was presented to her in a red-silk purse. Just imagine what a funny thing it would be if the present Archbishop of Canterbury were to make her Majesty Queen Victoria a present of £40! But we must remember that such a sum in the days of Queen Bess was worth much more than

Forty Pounds

of our money. And the Royal doctors gave Elizabeth a pot of orange-blossoms and a pot of ginger; while the apothecary presented her with a box of lozenges and a box of conserves. Queen Bess also got presents of very handsome clothes. It seems rather odd for a Queen to take clothes from her subjects, or we should think it so, but it was

Quite the Fashion

in her day. I dare say it will surprise many of you to hear that "divinations" are still practised on New Year's Day in many of the cottage homes in the Midland counties. The goodman of the house sits in his chair under a canopy made of holly and ivy, with the bible on his

THE NEW "RULALIE" PARTY FROCK.

THE NEW "FEATHERWEIGHT" COIFFURE.

knees, and all his children or grandchildren gather about him eager for a dip into

Futurity.

The man shuts his eyes and opens the book, and the first passage he touches with his finger is expounded with reference to coming events connected with the family. In Herefordshire, in the olden time, if not at the present day, no person used to be allowed to take fire out of the house, or anything made of iron, or to lend anything to anyone, on

New Year's Day.

On the first Monday of the New Year in Ireland superstitious people like to get a present, generally a piece of money, no matter how small, from someone who is considered to be lucky. It is called getting a "lucky hansel," or handsel. The good luck is supposed to pass with the coin, and the person who receives it will be

Fortunate

throughout the year. I hope 1890 will be a good and a fortunate year, in the best sense of the word, to all the women of my world; I do not say happy, because no two people are agreed about what constitutes happiness. The things that make one set of people happy make another set

Miserable!

It is happiness, I suppose, to a drunkard to get drunk, and a thief, no doubt, is happy when he makes a successful raid upon valuable property to which he has no right, but, strictly speaking, that kind of happiness is not the real thing at all. It is not a bad plan to think sometimes, not about ourselves, but others, in order to

Create Happiness.

I have just been reading in the *Lady's Pictorial* for the last Saturday of the year (the same number from which the Sketches are reproduced) that a subscription list has been opened at the office, 172, Strand, London, W.C., for a "home" for poor mothers in the East-End. Now, there was never anything more terribly needed than a home of this kind, into which poor women are received and kindly nursed and looked after in child-birth. I have read

Harrowing Accounts

of the miseries some of these poor creatures endure at the time of their greatest need. I remember hearing some time ago of a poor mother who brought her baby into the world, while at the foot of her wretched bed her husband was lying in his coffin. This one instance—and it would be easy to multiply it—is a proof of how very much a

Mothers' Home

is needed at the East-End. I wish someone would tell the Queen about it. I am sure she would send a handsome donation. I was in hopes, when she got that very large sum of money her Jubilee year from the women of England, that she would spend it in

Building and Endowing

a lying-in hospital for poor women down at the East-End. How much better it would have been to spend the money in that way than to lay out thousands on setting up another graven image to the Prince Consort, although he was a

Very Good Man!

It often occurs to me, when I hear people worrying the very senses out of their friends by grumbling over every little fiddle-faddle that goes wrong (have you ever seen anyone fly into a passion because the match-box happened *not* to be in the usual place? I have), making mountains out of molehills, and playing the part of perpetual

Wet Blanket—

it often occurs to me, I say, when I come across such people—and there are lots of them about in the world—that I should like to bundle them all off to a "Hospital for Unendurables," and shut them up for life, or until they mended their manners. I wish some rich person would build and endow such an

Institution,

but the difficulty would be to get the people to go in. A might act as a wet blanket to B and C, while D and E might find him one of the most agreeable of men. But I believe all the people who like to look at the bright side of things would agree about shutting up the pessimists. I like cheery fellows like dear old Robert Browning, who now lies at rest in the

Beautiful Old Abbey—

the man who said, and meant it too—"God's in His heaven, all's right with the World." There, now: why not take that for your motto for the New Year? You could scarcely find a better. And now, as a great many of my girl readers will be going to parties and early dances this month, I think if they want a pretty frock they can hardly improve upon the one shown in the sketch reproduced from the *Lady's Pictorial* of Dec. 28. It is called

The "Eulalie,"

and is made in a lovely shade of French grey pongee silk—it would look equally well in pink, blue, or mauve. The bodice is very prettily smocked across the bust, and the fulness at the waist, back and front, is confined by a broad sash in a rich and beautiful shade of maize, a colour which contrasts admirably with the French grey of the dress. The shoulder-knots, which are very high, are also of maize. I should not add the ribbon which is, in the Sketch, tied round the arm between the elbow and the shoulder. It is unnecessary and unbecoming. I give also a sketch of a new style of

Hairdressing,

called the "Featherweight," from its extremely light and graceful appearance. You will notice that the soft fluffy curls are by no means out of fashion, and, as I think I said before, no forehead looks well without softening of some kind. Now I must say good-bye for the present, and, wishing you all many happy New Years, I am yours,

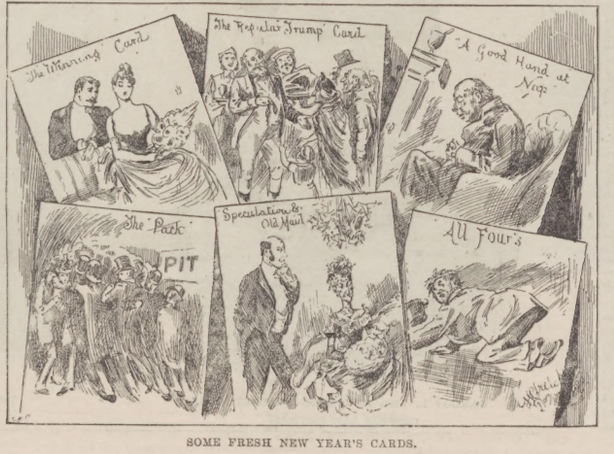
MARGUERITE.

Mr. W. H. Smith's Gift of £300 to the widow of the late Chief Constable Williamson was one of the timeliest of New Year gifts.

A New Star in the East.—The Earl of Aberdeen will preside at the first festival dinner in aid of the East-End Mothers' Home, to be held at the Hôtel Métropole on Wednesday, Jan. 29.

A Theatre Burnt Down.—The Teatro Umberto, Florence, was on Monday night burnt to the ground. The fire fortunately began just before the performance. Nobody was hurt.

THE SINEWS OF WEALTH are found in Health; and health, strength, nutritive, flesh-forming qualities, and staying power are retained and concentrated in CADBURY'S COCOA.—[ADVT.]



SOME FRESH NEW YEAR'S CARDS.

MUSIC IN THE HOUSE

MAKES CHEERFUL

HAPPY HOMES.

The most Popular Musical Instrument of the Day is

A MELODEON.

The long evenings will pass much more pleasantly with a mixture of music and song. CAMPBELL'S world-famed MELODEONS, having Organ and Celestial tones, Patent Visible Double Valves, and the charming Bell accompaniments, are specially adapted for home music—Sacred Songs, Secular Songs, and Dance Music being rendered with equal effect. ANYONE CAN PLAY UPON THEM.

EVERYBODY DELIGHTED.
NO ONE DISSATISFIED.

THE "GEM" MELODEON is a Marvel of Cheapness.

THE "MINIATURE" MELODEON is Selling in Thousands.

THE "FAVOURITE" MELODEON

No Home should be Without One.

Do you wish to enjoy your Long Evenings at Home? Then procure a MELODEON.

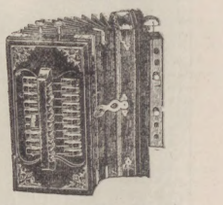
Do you wish to make your Family Circle Happy? Then procure a MELODEON.

Do you wish to form a Concert or Dancing Party? Then procure one of

CAMPBELL'S PATENT BROAD REED MELODEONS.

GRAND NEW MODEL

FOR SEASON 1890.



British Patent, 4492. German Patent, 24,110.

CUT OUT THIS.

P.I.] An Unparalleled Offer. [Paper.
OUR GRAND PRIZE MEDAL "GEM" MELODEON.
6s. 6d. 6s. 6d.
With Two Sets of Broad Reeds, Organ and Celestial Tone, sent carefully packed and carriage paid to any address in Great Britain and Ireland, on receipt of P.O.O. for 6s. 6d. Worth Double.

CUT OUT THIS.

CUT OUT THIS.

P.I.] An Unparalleled Offer. [Paper.
OUR GRAND PRIZE MEDAL "MINIATURE" MELODEON.
10s. 10s.
With Two Sets of Broad Reeds, Organ and Celestial Tone, and the charming Bell Accompaniments, sent, carefully packed and carriage paid, to any address in Great Britain and Ireland, on receipt of P.O.O. for 10s. Worth Double.

CUT OUT THIS.

CUT OUT THIS.

P.I.] An Unparalleled Offer. [Paper.
OUR GRAND PRIZE MEDAL "FAVOURITE" MELODEON.
16s. 6d. 16s. 6d.
"By her Majesty's Royal Letters Patent," with Patent Visible Double Valves, two Stops, Organ and Celestial Tone, and charming Bell Accompaniments, sent, carefully packed and carriage paid, to any address in Great Britain and Ireland, on receipt of P.O.O. for 16s. 6d. Worth Double.

CUT OUT THIS.

NO DECEPTION HERE.

The Editor of the London *Weekly Times* say:—

"THE MELODEON.—No instrument invented of late can equal in power and sweetness the Melodeon. In external appearance it is a work of art, and in mechanism—for simplicity of handling and for purity and variety of note—there is no instrument with which it can be compared."

100,000 TESTIMONIALS. 100,000.

Important Testimonial from Professor Brown, the Champion Melodeon Player of Great Britain, Ireland, and Wales: "Campbell's Patent Melodeons are the finest instruments that have ever come under my touch, and only require a trial to advertise themselves." Campbell's Patent Melodeons are the only genuine Melodeons in the market. Beware of worthless imitations.

"149, Albion-road, Stoke Newington, London, N., 1889.
"Sir,—I received the 'Gem' Melodeon this morning, Wednesday, and must say that I am delighted with it. It has a splendid tone, and a better one I never saw for such little money. I wish you every success in selling many of them, with many thanks for the one I have just received.—I remain, yours truly, G. ATTRIDGE."

"1, Station Head, Lochgelly, Fifeshire, Nov. 30, 1889.
"Messrs. Campbell and Co.
"Gentlemen,—I beg to acknowledge receipt of the 'Miniature' Melodeon, which I received all right, and I can assure you it is fully up to my expectations—a splendid little instrument at the price; and I shall be happy to recommend your firm to any of my friends or acquaintances. With thanks for your prompt attention,
"Yours truly, THOMAS KING."

"Camphill House, Antrim-road, Ballymena,
"Nov. 28, 1889.
"Messrs. Campbell and Co.
"Gentlemen,—I have received the 'Favourite' Melodeon all right. I am highly pleased with it, and so are all who have seen it and heard its beautiful tone. It gives entire satisfaction, and does not, like some instruments, lose its charm after a few days' or weeks' practice, but seems, instead of losing in any respect, to have gained in that which is always to be admired—viz. tone. I can confidently recommend it to any person requiring a charming instrument, and also as one worth double the money. Please receive my thanks for your prompt attention to my order. Wishing you every success in your musical trade,
"I remain, yours truly, THOMAS ALLEN."

A MOST ASTOUNDING FACT.

ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND of our Patent Broad Reed Melodeons HAVE BEEN SOLD; and we have received the unprecedented number of ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND TESTIMONIALS and PRESS NOTICES from all parts of the World.

N.B.—Before purchasing a Musical Instrument of any other description, send for our NEW PRIVILEGE PRICE-LIST for Season 1890, now ready, entitling the holder to have any instruments mentioned in the List sent, carefully packed and carriage paid, to any address in Great Britain and Ireland, at the very low price quoted for each article. This valuable List contains numerous Illustrations of the leading and most popular Musical Instruments of the day, sent on receipt of one penny stamp to CAMPBELL and CO., Musical Instrument Makers, 116, Trongate, Glasgow.

CYCLE & CAMERA

THANKS to the courtesy of Messrs. Longmans, Green, and Co., I am able to publish a reproduction of Mr. Joseph Pennell's frontispiece to the Badminton book on cycling, showing a tandem with the woman rider in her proper position in front. The machine is a Beeston Humber tricycle, which, for all the new tandem bicycles, will probably hold its own for many a long day to come.

My notice of "Duffersville" of two weeks ago has brought me a very long letter from Faed, one of the authors. He objects to my classing him with the hasters-away, when the truth is, it seems, that he can loaf just as well as "haste away," and, if he belongs to a road-racing club, is at the same time member and hon. sec. of the Ohne Hast C.C. As he puts it: "When I wish to visit Hatfield I go *to* Hatfield, and spend as much time with my camera in Lord Salisbury's park as I desire" (by the way, why won't Faed let the readers of *The Penny Illustrated* have the benefit of some of his loafing rambles with his camera? I am sure space would be gladly found in this column for the photos he takes on such occasions); "but when I am writing a book about Duffersville, I skip over the intervening ground as lightly as I skim over it literally on my wheel, so as to get to my happy hunting-ground without wasting my time en route."

I am delighted to learn that Faed knows how to appreciate by far the best side of cycling. What he failed to understand in my notice, though I thought I put it clearly, was that I was expressing my own personal preferences in objecting to his hasting me away from the beginning of the book, through almost every page to the very end. For, though he says he was writing about Duffersville, it seemed to me he was really writing about racing and records and times, for all of which I care nothing. An account of those rides of his with the Ohne Hast men would interest me much more than the most famous doings of champions on the North Road.

One mistake I find I did make, and for it I am very glad to have the opportunity to apologise. Faed has always held the opinion that the front seat was the proper place for a woman on a tandem, and has "written over and over again in detestation of the bad taste, on all grounds, committed by men who place ladies behind them." I can only say that somehow I have always believed Faed to hold exactly the opposite views, and that I am as rejoiced to discover I was wrong in so believing as to express my regret for having so misrepresented him to my readers.

On Christmas Day I saw a one-legged man riding down Parliament-street on a Safety, his crutch strapped to the frame. He was going at a very good pace, and seemed perfectly at home on his wheel. I think one ought to be reminded every now and then of how much cycling has done for men unfortunately crippled. There is no other sport which has been of such immense service to them—indeed, few, if any, other sports which they could take up so readily and easily. I knew one man, slightly crippled, who was the most morose and gloomy fellow in the world, morbidly conscious of his deformity, until he discovered that he too could ride a Safety: and now he cycles with the best and fastest riders, and is as cheerful as he was once melancholy.

I have mentioned the fact that the London representative of the *Cyclist* wrote to the proper authorities to ask definitely what were the regulations in regard to cyclists on Constitution-hill. This is the answer he received:—

"Sir,—In reply to your communication of yesterday's date, I have to inform you that cycles are not permitted on the road of Constitution-hill between Buckingham Palace and the arch at Wellington Palace.—Yours faithfully,

"R. W. BAKSON, Deputy Ranger."

As the *Cyclist* correspondent adds: "The above would appear to settle the matter for the present, so it now only remains for metropolitan cyclists to agitate until they obtain equal privileges with the common or London gondola—e.g. cab."

That the members of the Club House Committee have not yet found the headquarters for which they have been busy looking is clear from the letter of Mr. Harvey, hon. sec., to the cycling papers, asking any cyclist who knows a suitable building near Charing-cross to communicate with him. This is a novel way of advertising for a house. A prospectus of the scheme has been issued, and I understand copies are to be had on application to the office of *Wheeling*.

Among the machines that will attract attention at the coming Stanley Show is the Anti-vibration Safety, patented by the Midland Cycle Company, Wolverhampton. It is made so that women can ride it, and is, therefore, of double interest. Looking over the list of exhibitors, I see that all the principal manufacturers will be represented at the Crystal Palace again this year. In *Wheeling's* interview with Mr. Dring, the secretary, it is stated that the number of exhibits will probably exceed by twenty those of last year. And there is every reason to hope that the show will be, if anything, more important than those which have preceded it.

N.C.U.

FRONTISPIECE BY MR. JOSEPH PENNELL FOR "CYCLING," IN THE BADMINTON SERIES.

The Windsor Poor were relieved by the Queen on New Year's Day.

Boating Disaster at Beaumaris.—John Williams, gamekeeper to Sir Richard Bulkeley, two brothers named Owen, and a fourth man, whose name is not known, were drowned last Monday afternoon by the capsizing of a boat off Beaumaris. No body had been recovered up to Monday evening, and the cause of the disaster is not known.

The ex-Empress of Brazil died shortly after two o'clock on Saturday afternoon in the Grand Hotel at Oporto. During the voyage from Brazil the ex-Empress's health was fairly good, but shortly after her arrival in Lisbon she had a severe attack of asthma, from which, as well as from gout and rheumatism, she had suffered for some years past.

LIVER COMPLAINTS.—Dr. King's Dandelion and Quinine Liver Pills, without Mercury, remove Liver Complaints, Biliousness, Headache, Indigestion, Constipation.—[ADVT.]

TOBACCONISTS COMMENCING.—See Illus. Guide, 229 pages, 3 stamps. Tobacconists' Outfitting Company (Reg.), 11 and 12, Beech-street, London, E.C. Wholesale.—[ADVT.]

Though you:—
Rub! Rub! Rub!
And you:—
Scrub! Scrub! Scrub!
You'll find that
It's not in your power
In the old-fashioned way
To do in a day
What HUDSON'S
Will do in an hour.
Linen, Shirts, Collars, Sheets, Table-Cloths, &c., keep a good colour if washed regularly with HUDSON'S EXTRACT OF SOAP.—A pure, dry Soap in fine powder. Hudson's leaves no smell.—[ADVT.]

A CURE FOR RHEUMATISM

IT CANNOT BE TOO WIDELY UNDERSTOOD THAT

RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, LUMBAGO, SCIATICA, GOUT,

AND ALL KINDRED DISEASES

A CURE FOR NEURALGIA

Are essentially INTERNAL complaints arising from the presence in the blood of Uric Acid, which has been checked at its natural exit, the pores of the skin, because these have become closed through exposure to cold or damp: hence the greater prevalence of these diseases at seasons and in localities where dampness and cold predominate. Such, briefly stated, is the whole secret of the complaints enumerated, to which may be added RHEUMATIC GOUT, FACEACHE, CRAMP, TIC-DOLOREUX, BLOTCHES ON THE SKIN, SCURVY SORES, SCROFULOUS AFFECTIONS, and all DISEASES OF THE BLOOD. It follows, therefore, that a remedy for the complaints specified to be thoroughly efficacious MUST be an INTERNAL Remedy, acting directly on the CAUSE. Such a Remedy is KOPTICA, the famous Persian Herbal Specific, guaranteed FREE from Strychnine, Arsenic, Colchicum, Belladonna, Henbane, Aconite, and all other injurious drugs, and can, therefore, be taken by the most delicate with the greatest confidence that it is thoroughly harmless. KOPTICA, by its wonderful resolvent properties, disperses and eradicates the morbid conditions from which such diseases spring, scientifically combating the CAUSE, and must not be confounded with the numberless so-called EXTERNAL remedies upon which the uninstructed public waste their money, which only tinker with the EFFECT, without doing any material or permanent good.

KOPTICA

IS MARVELLOUSLY EFFICACIOUS IN ALL CASES OF RHEUMATISM.

READ. READ. READ.

Mr. SAMUEL FRENCH, the well-known dramatic publisher, writes:—
89, Strand, London, W.C.: April 23, 1889.

"To the Proprietors of KOPTICA.—Gentlemen,—About three years ago I was attacked with RHEUMATISM in my left knee so severely that it was with great difficulty I could attend to my business; my family doctor attended me for some time, but without affording me any relief. I then consulted an eminent specialist in Harley-street, and was under treatment for some time. I spared no expense to obtain relief, because, independent of the pain I suffered, I was terribly inconvenienced, and yet, after spending several pounds on doctors' fees and expenses, I found myself no better, but much reduced in strength by the treatment I had undergone. I therefore concluded that I was fated to be a long-time sufferer, and had so made up my mind, when an old friend who had tried KOPTICA, and knew its value, strongly advised me to try it. I was, as you may imagine, rather sceptical that such a simple nostrum, costing a mere trifle, could do for me what clever doctors and expensive treatment had failed to do; but my friend's faith was so strong that I was induced to purchase a bottle of KOPTICA, and commenced to take it in accordance with the directions. I did so much in the same spirit that a drowning man grasps at a straw, but feeling sure, from what my friend told me, that it could not do me any harm should it fail to relieve me. Judge then my surprise and gratitude when I found that within three days I was entirely free from pain, and have not since had a return. I was, of course, delighted, and lost no time in spreading the news amongst my own circle. One lady suffered from Neuralgia; I sent her a bottle of KOPTICA, and when next I met her her face was radiant with joy at the relief it had afforded her. Another friend, a gentleman, suffered from Rheumatism, and I sent him a bottle, with a similar result. I could enumerate quite a dozen similar instances within my own knowledge, besides many cases that I have heard of from others. With regard to myself, my knee has been entirely free since the time I refer to—now more than three years since; I felt a slight symptom in one of the toes of my right foot about three months ago, but a few doses of KOPTICA soon set that right; and I am now as active and energetic as a man of my age could expect to be. The experience I have endeavoured to describe has quite convinced me that KOPTICA is a thoroughly genuine and reliable remedy, at all events for Rheumatism, Neuralgia, and kindred complaints."

CURES GOUT CURES CRAMP

REGISTERED TRADE MARK.

KOPTICA. If you are suffering from any of the above ailments, send at once to your nearest Chemist for a bottle. It will afford you SPEEDY RELIEF. IT NEVER FAILS; and the trifling expenditure of 1s. 1½d. will save you vast sums which would otherwise go to enrich the doctors. If your Chemist has not got KOPTICA in stock, and he is an obliging man, he will get it for you; but if you have any difficulty, you had better send us the stamps for the amount, with 2d. extra for postage, and we will send you the sample bottle by return. KOPTICA is also put up in larger parcels, for family use, 2s. 9d. and 4s. 6d. per bottle, these containing respectively four times and six times the smaller quantity. Send at once to your Chemist for a sample, or make a note of the address of the Sole Proprietors,

"KOPTICA CURE," 392, Strand, London, W.C.

KOPTICA

SPEEDILY ERADICATES RHEUMATIC GOUT.

READ. READ. READ.

A BAD CASE OF RHEUMATIC GOUT.

"2, King-street, Camden Town: May 9, 1889.

"For some years past I have been a sufferer from Rheumatic Gout. About three weeks ago I had a very severe attack. I tried all the usual remedies without any good result. My son, Mr. C. H. Fox, of 25, Russell-street, Covent-garden, gave me a bottle of your KOPTICA, which I may say has acted like a charm. In forty-eight hours I was free from all pain. I am very grateful to you for this, and think I am only doing my duty by writing and letting you know.—Faithfully yours,

"CHARLOTTE FOX."

A gentleman sent a bottle of KOPTICA to a friend in California, and received the following characteristic acknowledgment, which he forwards us for publication.

"Los Gatos, Santa Clara Co., California: April 28, 1889.

"Brother S.—Yours with KOPTICA came to hand in due time, and KOPTICA was received with much doubt and scepticism; but, as the chills caught me in a few days, and it had come so far, I thought I would give it a chance, and did so—double doses at a time—and for some cause in two days was on deck. A few days after it came again, and I at once told KOPTICA to sail in, and experienced immediate relief. To-day it is on the other (left) side, and in milder form, and if 'K' knocks it over the ropes again, I shall be ready to present the belt and shout 'Long live KOPTICA.'

"YOUR BROTHER SAWYER."

Subsequently the same correspondent writes:—

"Los Angeles: May 6, 1889.

"'Hurrah for KOPTICA!' I am more limber than I have been for many a year. If I could reduce my waistband ten or twenty inches, I would be ready to run in or after a foot race with anyone.

"YOUR BROTHER SAWYER."

THESE ARE THE SORT OF LETTERS WE RECEIVE DAILY.

"COMPLETELY CURED."

Rev. D. G. DAVIS writes:—

"Shirenewton Rectory, Chepstow, Mon.:
"Nov. 23, 1889.

"Will you kindly send me three bottles of your KOPTICA CURE? One small bottle completely cured a labouring man who was suffering from violent neuralgia of head and face.—Yours truly,

"D. G. DAVIS (Rector)."

"ONE OF THE BEST CURES OF THE DAY."

Mr. G. H. BRINKWORTH, of Windsorge, near Stroud, Gloucester, wrote, on Oct. 30, 1889:—

"I find you have got a remedy for neuralgia. I have at present got a friend suffering from the most awful pain, so please send me a bottle of KOPTICA, for which I enclose stamps."

A bottle of KOPTICA was duly forwarded, and, on Nov. 8, Mr. BRINKWORTH writes:—

"Windsorge, near Stroud, Gloucestershire:
"Nov. 8, 1889.

"Dear Sirs,—I beg to inform you that I received the KOPTICA all right, and I think it one of the best cures of the day. Enclosed please find stamps for another bottle, which please send by return, and oblige, yours truly,

"GEO. HENRY BRINKWORTH."

"AFTER TEN YEARS' PAIN AND MISERY."

"144, Colegrave-road, Stratford:
"Sept. 30, 1889.

"Gentlemen,—Your remedy KOPTICA has proved a blessing to me, and no doubt will to numerous others. I have given it a month's trial, after ten years of pain and misery, brought about by kidney and liver troubles, the poison settling in my limbs. All other advertised remedies of no avail.—Yours respectfully,

"MCCAUSLAND."

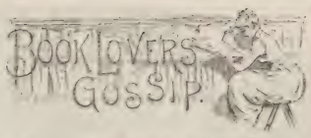
IN SHORT, EVERY BOTTLE SOLD SECURES A TESTIMONIAL. THEY ARE TOO NUMEROUS TO PUBLISH HERE. WRITE FOR COPIES. SENT POST FREE ON APPLICATION.

We have said enough to show that KOPTICA must not be confounded with the many bogus nostrums which are a cruel imposition upon the public, but that it is a genuine remedy which ought to be in every household for use when required; for it is without doubt the best and most reliable medicine of the age for the diseases named. KOPTICA can be obtained of all Chemists and Patent Medicine Vendors throughout the World. Ask your Chemist for KOPTICA, and if he has not got it in stock, and he is an obliging man, he will get it for you; if not, send stamps, and 2d. extra for postage, to the Sole Proprietors,

"KOPTICA CURE," 392, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.

LUMBAGO CURED

SCIATICA CURED



Westminster Abbey and the Poets.

I AM one of those who think it was a mistake to bury Robert Browning in Westminster Abbey. A veritable Pantheon of England's great men, the noble building has done little to make itself a last resting-place for our poets. Shakspere, Milton, Pope, Cowper, Byron, Shelley, Keats, Wordsworth, Coleridge—not one of these great names has been associated with Poets' Corner. Browning will not, therefore, lie with his peers; and, as he died in Italy, it would have been much more appropriate that he should have been buried by the side of his wife, as he wished. And this I feel the more strongly because there was so much of Italy in the poet's verse. "Sordello" connects him with Dante and Florence, "The Ring and the Book" with Rome, and "Pippa Passes" with his beloved Asola. However, things have been ordered otherwise, and there the matter ends. Browning rests by the side of Chaucer, Spenser, and Dryden.

Dan Chaucer.

Spenser has been called the "poet's poet," and of "glorious John" we have heard many a eulogy; but, of the three, my favourite is Chaucer. Our age, with its distractions, its doubts, and its questionings, would do well to go back a little more frequently to this early poet of humanity, with his genial humour, his lighthearted gaiety, his absolute freedom from all that the Germans call "world-pain."

Saunders's "Chaucer."

And that is why I very heartily welcome the new edition of Mr. John Saunders's "Chaucer," which has just been published by Messrs. J. M. Dent and Co. (69, Great Eastern-street, E.C.) Many years ago, when issued in a much less satisfactory form, the book attracted me immensely, and sent me, finally, to the study of Chaucer's works in their entirety. Mr. Saunders has skilfully dissected Chaucer's "Prologue," and he has embellished his narrative with a number of illustrations from the Ellesmere MS., and has brought together a great deal of additional matter concerning the life of Chaucer's time. In the second half of the volume he has retold Chaucer's tales partly in the poet's own words, partly in prose. The reader who goes no further than Mr. Saunders will have had a genuine literary treat; the reader who goes from him to the master direct will be made happy indeed.

Chaucer's Poor Parson.

Let it not be thought that Chaucer's English is too old-fashioned for the ordinary reader to enjoy. Take, for example, the poet's description of the poor parson:—

A good man was there of religioun,
Which was a poorè Parson of a town;
But rich he was of holy thought and work,
He was also a learnèd man, a Clerk,
That Christè's gospel wouldè preach,
His parishens devoutly would he teach.
Benign he was and wondrous diligent,
And in adversity full patient:
And such he was yproved of the sithes,
Full loth were him to cursen for his tithes:
But rather would he given, out of doubt,
Unto his poorè parishens about
Of his off'ring and eke of his substance.
. . . . . .
This noble ensample to his sheep he yaf,
That first he wrought, and after that he taught.
. . . . . .
Christè's lore, and his Apostles twelve,
He taught, and first he followed it himselve.

Now, there are only three words in all these lines—sithes (times), parishens (parishioners), and yaf (gave)—which are not perfectly clear to everyone at a glance. Would that I had space to say more about this attractive volume and its fascinating subject!

Here is the merchant, as he starts from the old Tabard Inn on the famous pilgrimage:—

Chaucer's Merchant.

High on horse he sat,
Upon his head a Flanders beaver hat.

A PICCADILLY REMINISCENCE OF THE FIRST DUKE OF WELLINGTON.
See "Thespis" on the Waterloo Panorama.

Chaucer's Clerk.

And here the clerk of Oxford, who spent his all upon books and learning, valuing Aristotle and his philosophy far more than

Robès rich, or fiddle, or psaltry.
But although that he were a philosopher,
Yet haddè he but little gold in coffer.
. . . . . .
Soundly in moral virtue was his speech,
And gladly would he learn, and gladly teach.
A clerk there was of Oxenford also,
That into logic haddè long ygo,
As leanè was his horse as is a rake,
And he was not right fat, I undertake.

Now you will read Mr. Saunders's book, will you not?

TATLER.

Ten Thousand Little Hearts have been gladdened during the festive season by Tom Smith's generous contribution of 10,000 Surprise Christmas Crackers to the *Truth* Hospital Toy Fund.

Death has been sadly busy of late with literary men. Among the clever writers gathered in during December were Mr. Thomas Purnell ("Q" of the *Athenæum* and *Judy*), and that genial, gentle Irishman Joseph Mackay, whom everyone who knew him mourns. Poor Joe Mackay displayed such signal dramatic ability in the drama of "Peggy," in "The Novel Reader" (collaborating with Sydney Grundy), in "Carysfold" (with Mr. Henry Herman), and in the Strand farce of "Boys will be Boys" that he ought to have achieved a higher position among contemporary dramatists. He was one of a talented family, being a brother of Mr. William Mackay, the clever novelist, and Mr. Wallis Mackay, the humourist of the pencil. The London dramatic world also lamented the death in the Old Year of Mr. Frank Marshall, the genial and accomplished husband of handsome Ada Cavendish, and author of "False Shame," trimmer of "Brighton," and editor of the Irving edition of "Shakspere."

Holloway's Almanac and Family Friend doubtless puts in an appearance to remind us there is a handy cure ready for the dyspeptic ills that flesh is heir to.

"A SIMPLE FACT ABOUT" KEATING'S COUGH LOZENGES. Ask throughout the world, in any country that can be named, you will find them largely sold. There is absolutely no remedy that is so speedy in giving relief, so certain to cure, and yet the most delicate can take them. One Lozenge gives ease. Sold in 1½d. Tins.—[ADVT.]

TO ATHLETES.—CADBURY'S COCOA is absolutely pure, and contains, in a concentrated form, admirable nutritive, flesh-forming qualities, strength, and staying power.—[ADVT.]

WELLINGTON AT WATERLOO: "UP, GUARDS, AND AT 'EM!"
See "Thespis" on the Waterloo Panorama.

THE LATE MARQUIS DE CAUX.

ADELINA PATTI'S FIRST.

ONE of the Old Year's first influenza victims was the late Marquis de Caux, Roger de Cahuzac, whose portrait we print. He was best known, or rather most widely known, as the first husband of our incomparable prima donna, Adelina Patti, now Madame Nicolini. But the Lyric Queen fared as badly in her aristocratic marriage as other wealthy damsels have done in wedding a title instead of worth. Probably, Adelina Patti now quite agrees with the Poet Laureate's dictum (declared, it must be confessed, before he was created a Baron) that "kind hearts are more than coronets." The Marquis de Caux (from whom Adelina was obliged to separate) commenced life as Secretary to the French Embassy at Florence. He soon became graceful director of the Empress Eugénie's balls at the Tuileries. It was in 1869 that the Marquis married la Patti, and in 1887 that the sweet songstress was divorced from him. The poor fribble of fashion died at the age of sixty-three.

A TRUE SIGN.

JONES: "There was a dog howling under my window last night, and"——

Smith (knowingly): "That was a sign of death."

Jones: "You bet it was! And, as I was going to say, it was the first time I ever found a brick when I wanted one."

THE EXILE OF JERSEY.

WITH APOLOGIES TO THE MEMORY OF HORACE VERNET.

"AS IN A LOOKING-GLASS."

"Do you know," said Algernon, "your face reminds me of a mirror, for I can see nothing in it but the truth."

"Oh," said Gertrude, "I thought you were going to say that when you looked in my face you expected to see your own."

"Eh!" said Algernon, and then a great light came into his eyes, and he cried:—

"If you *would* be my own!"

"I will," said Gertie.

Mr. Henry M. Stanley and Colonel Euan Smith have left Zanzibar for Mombasa, whence, after a brief sojourn, they will proceed to Egypt.

NEW YEAR'S EVE: A TERRIBLE THOUGHT.

"Oh, Tommy! Just suppose robbers break in and run off with it!"

THE LOVE LETTER.—BY L. DA RIOS.

IN MR. MENDOZA'S BLACK AND WHITE EXHIBITION, KING-STREET, ST. JAMES'S.

FUN AND FANCY.

TRAIN UP A CHILD, &c.

FUSSY OLD GENTLEMAN (to a chance travelling lady companion): "Have you any children, Madam?"

"Yes, Sir; a son."

"Ah, indeed! Does he smoke?"

"No, Sir; he has never as much as touched a cigarette."

"So much the better, Madam; the use of tobacco is a pernicious habit. Does he frequent the clubs?"

"He has never put his foot in one."

"Allow me to congratulate you. Does he come home late?"

"Never. He goes to bed directly after dinner."

"A model young man, Madam, a model young man. How old is he?"

"Two months."—*New York Sun.*

"QUITE IRISH, YOU KNOW!"

"BEGORRA," said Bridget, as she opened a bottle of champagne for the first time, "the blame fool that filled this quart bothle must 'a' put two quarts in instid av wan!"

AN UNFORTUNATE PAUSE.

"I'VE half a mind," said Brown, and then he paused
And brushed some dust from off his hat;
"Indeed!" quoth Bronson with a smile. "I 'd not
Have thought you had as much as that."

HE WAS A LEARNER.

"I SEE you are not a very expert pickpocket," said the detective to the man whom he had caught in the act.

"No," the latter replied coolly; "I am just getting my hand in."

A TALE OF MISDIRECTED PHILANTHROPY.

"Tommy, take this broken pitcher and throw it in the ash barrel"

"What 's the matter, little boy?"
"I broke de pitcher, an' me mother 'll beat me when 'er git home."
"Well, here is a sixpence. Go and buy another."

"Jimminy! I worked *dat* fer all it was wuth."

PEOPLE BOUND TO THE STAKE.

THE great majority of people have to work for a living with hands or head, or both. Very well. To make our living we *must* be able to labour so many hours in a day, days in a week, weeks in a year. Very good again. But suppose we each had an enemy who possessed the power to tie us up with a rope when he pleased. To-day he ties only the left arm, to-morrow the right, the next day a leg, and so on. Once in a while he ties us to our bed and keeps us there a week. How much would he cost us in hard cash in a year? and how much would it be worth to us if we could chain him to a rock or hang him with his own rope? Let us have a rough illustration or two.

A man was working on the Midland Railway as a signalman. We all know what the position is, and have some idea of the labour and responsibility. Well, he kept at it for several years, never missing a day. He knew his business, nobody better, and nothing went wrong on his section of the line; but by-and-by his enemy began to tie him up. Somehow he couldn't eat with a relish any more; when he tried he was taken with such a distress it took all the life out of him. Then he would have times when he was so giddy that everything went round and round like a whirligig. If this had happened when he had a signal to set, a collision might have come of it: happily it did not. Other ropes were tied around him: he had pains in the chest and sides, his bowels became costive, tongue coated, bad taste in the mouth, heartburn, weakness, &c. The doctors said he would have to give up his situation: but he couldn't. There were the wife and children to be looked out for, and only his earnings to do it with. But finally he broke down altogether, and was laid up for weeks, unconscious part of the time. Then, we may say he was tied hand and foot. His enemy had him fast, and came nigh killing him. One day, after the doctors had given him up, his mind was clear, and he remembered a medicine—half the bottle full—he had hidden away in a locker in the signal box and forgotten all about it. He sent for it and took a dose. In less than a month he was a well man; the ropes were all cut away. This medicine was Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup, and his ailment was indigestion and dyspepsia. But whilst he was ill with it he might as well—yes, better—have been tied to a stake.

There are lots of cases of this sort all over England—all over the world. A few of them we hear of; millions of them we never hear of. Sometimes it is heart disease; sometimes rheumatism; sometimes consumption; sometimes general debility; sometimes kidney and bladder complaint; sometimes nervous prostration; sometimes liver disorder. That is, the doctors call it by all these hard names, but at bottom it is indigestion and dyspepsia, and all these other so-called diseases are just tokens and symptoms of that—neither more nor less. If a man never had any trouble with his stomach he might live for ever, for aught we can tell. Yet how, in Mercy's name, can a man or a woman work with death and corruption inside of the body—with the stomach full of decaying food, sending poison through the blood to every joint, muscle, and nerve? This is what dyspepsia does. Indigestion is a slow but sure poison, just as taking so many grains of arsenic every day would be.

Here is another case, that of a railway fireman, who writes from Hurlford. He says: "I have been a sufferer from indigestion and dyspepsia for three years; I tried several doctors, but got worse all the time. At last I went to a chemist, and he promised to cure me in a week or two. He sold me three very expensive bottles of medicine, and all the effect I felt from it was the loss of my money. Then I got hold of a bottle of Mother Seigel's Syrup, and was better almost at once. How sorry I am I didn't use it years ago!" We can give this man's name, if you care to have it. He didn't want it printed. But he was as good as tied up for a long while. Illness is a strong rope.

Here is one more illustration. Mr. R. B. Hopton, of Long Weston, says: "I am sixty-eight years old. Mother Seigel's Syrup has not quite made me a young man again, but it has cured me of asthma, nervous prostration, and a throat ailment arising from impure blood. I was too ill to labour, yet can now do my work, thanks to that great remedy. You may publish the fact. The whole complication came first from indigestion."

And this is the way people are bound until Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup sets them free.

DRURY-LANE (THE NATIONAL THEATRE).—TWICE DAILY, at 1.30 and 7.15, Augustus Harris's Pantomime, JACK AND THE BEANSTALK. Produced on a scale of splendour surpassing in magnificence the displays offered to the public by Mr. Augustus Harris in previous years, and performed by a Company of Comedians each of whom is an acknowledged attraction in himself.

COVENT-GARDEN—GRAND CIRCUS.—The Tamed Trained Lion on Horseback, Siberian Bears, Thirty Clowns, One Hundred highly trained Horses and Ponies, Goo-goo and his Pig; Jessica, Champion Wire-Walker; the Hoffman Sisters (Horizontal Bar); Sylvester, Jockey Rider. Children's Cinderella Pantomime in the Arena. Twice daily, at 1.30 and 7. Prices, from 6d. to £4 4s. Box-office open daily, Ten to Five.

ADELPHI.—A. and S. GATTI, Sole Proprietors and Managers.—Every Evening at Eight, LONDON DAY BY DAY, by Geo. R. Sims and Henry Pettitt. Doors open at Seven. Farce at 7.15. Box-office open daily, Ten to Five.

LYCEUM.—THE DEAD HEART. EVERY EVENING, at Eight o'clock, THE DEAD HEART. Mr. Henry Irving and Miss Ellen Terry. Box-office (Mr. J. Hurst) open daily, Ten to Five. Seats also booked by letter or telegram. LYCEUM.

TOO STOUT.

DR. CAMERON'S WORLD-FAMED PILLS cure Obesity or Corpulence rapidly and certainly. State height, weight, and send 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., or 11s. 6d. to DR. CAMERON, Imperial Mansions, Oxford-street, London, W.

BIRKBECK BANK.—Established 1851. Southampton-buildings, Chancery-lane, W.C. THREE PER CENT INTEREST allowed on Deposits, repayable on demand, and Two per Cent on Current Accounts when not drawn below £100. No charge for keeping accounts. Stocks and Shares purchased and sold.

The BIRKBECK ALMANACK, with particulars, on application. FRANCIS RAVENSCROFT, Manager.

LAUNDRY GLAZING SECRET. To make Cuffs, Collars, and Fronts like White China. Nothing used in the Starch. No apparatus, except Flat-iron. Extremely simple. P.O. 1s., or 13 stamps. Address: LAUNDRY, 29, Liscard, Birkenhead.

NAMES FOR BOOKS.
100 LABELS (cut and gummed), with your name neatly printed thereon, eight stamps.
R. PETERS, Tovil, Maidstone.

BOOKS. BOOKS. BOOKS.
"Special Hints to the Married," "Sappho," and "The Imperial Dream-Book." 1s. 6d. each, post-free. HARRISON, 278, Strand, London, W.C.

TO STOUT PEOPLE

OBESITY easily, pleasantly, and certainly cured without hurtful drug or nauseating draught.

A valuable Treatise, showing how fat can be destroyed (not merely lessened) and the cause removed, together with the prescription, advice, and full explanations HOW TO ACT, sent FREE on application. "The only common-sense work on corpulency ever issued."—N.Y. Med. Review.

E. S. LYNTON, Bloomebury Mansion, Bloomsbury, London.

BUY YOUR WATCHES and JEWELLERY DIRECT AT WHOLESALE PRICES, and Save Shopkeepers' Profits. Solid Silver Watches from 12s.; Gold, 25s. Silver Repeaters, 10s.; Earrings, 8d.; Lockets, 1s. 3d.; Rings, 8d.; Pencils, 1s.; Necklets, 3s.; Scarf-Pins, 6d.; Lady's 3-ct. Hall-marked Dress-Rings, 3s. 6d.; Gold Earrings, 3s. 9d.; Brooches, 5s. All genuine gold and silver goods guaranteed.

Grand New Shakespearian Catalogue, over 1200 engravings, of high-class Jewellery, POST-FREE on application. See one before purchasing anywhere.
S. MEEKS, 100, Spencer-street, Birmingham.

THE "PARKER" UMBRELLA (Registered). Patronised by Royalty.

5000 SILK UMBRELLAS, 2s. 6d. each, direct from the Manufacturers, Ladies' or Gents'; Plain or Twill Silk; Parker's hollow Ribbed Frames, beautifully carved and mounted sticks. Sent, Parcel Post free, 2s. 9d. or 36 stamps. 15,000 Sold in Twelve Months. Re-covering, &c., neatly done.—J. B. PARKER, Umbrella Works, Broom Close, Sheffield.

Post-free, 6d.

RUPTURE: Its Radical Cure. An interesting publication by Dr. J. A. SHERMAN, giving authentic information how sufferers may be relieved and restored to soundness without life torture from trusses used for its protection.
London: GIBBS, SMITH, and Co., 10, High Holborn.

SIX CABINET PORTRAITS, 3s.; Three for 2s. Twelve Carte Portraits, 2s. 2d.; Six for 1s. 6d. Eight-inch Enlargement, 3s.; Three for 6s. Send Carte or Cabinet and Postal Order, and you will promptly receive Highly Finished Copies with Original. FRANCIS and CO., 20, Ludgate-hill, London.

FRENCH IN A WEEK! An entirely new system, by which anyone can learn sufficient to make himself understood on all ordinary topics IN ONE WEEK.

The "South Wales Chronicle" says: "We have received for review a copy of a small book, entitled 'French in a Week,' and although at first sight we were inclined to think that it must certainly be only one of the numerous catches which abound, yet on examining the book itself we were agreeable surprised to find that it is really a most valuable system, and thoroughly carries out all it professes." Post-free, 1s. 1d.—W. RITCHIE, 78, High-street, Stoke Newington, London, N. Please state name of this Paper.

KEARSLEY'S
WIDOW WELCH'S FEMALE PILLS
have a reputation of over
ONE HUNDRED YEARS,
and are the acknowledged leading remedy for female complaints. They restore a healthy hue to the complexion, in place of the deathly pallor so distressing to witness. May be obtained of all Chemists, 2s. 9d. per box; or by post, 34 stamps, from
SANGER and SONS,
489, Oxford-street, London.

GOLDEN HAIR WASH.—Produces a golden colour after a few usings, 6s. post-free. Complexion Pills, 2s. 9d. Cantharides for Hair growth, 2s. 6d.—ALEX. ROSS, 21, Lamb's Conduit-st., London.

GIVEN AWAY, elegantly mounted, your RUBBER STAMP, NAME, or MONOGRAM.—Enclose three stamps for postage, &c., to CRYSTAL PALACE JOHN BOND'S ROYAL GOLD MEDAL MARKING INK WORKS, 75p, Southgate road, London, N.
Rubber Stamp Agents.
We are 75 per cent below other makers.

£6 MONTHLY may be added to income by selling our celebrated TEAS in Packets, French COFFEE in Tins, and COCOA. Write for particulars to OLIVER, OLIVER, and CO., 317, Southgate-road, London.

CATAPULTS, 6d., 8d., 9d., 10d., 1s., free; elastic, 1d., 2d., 3d., 4d., 6d., 9d. yard.
L. BIRD,
12, Winchcomb-street, Cheltenham.

TOO FAT.

Dr. GORDON'S Elegant PILLS cure STOUTNESS rapidly and certainly. State height, weight, and send 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., or 11s. to
DR. GORDON,
10, Brunswick-square, London, W.C.

ALEX. ROSS'S NOSE MACHINE. Applied to the nose for an hour daily, an ill-formed nose is quickly shaped. 10s. 6d.; post, 10s. 9d.—21, Lamb's Conduit-street, London, W.C.

A MAHOMMEDAN MUNCHI DURING THE GREAT MOHURRAM FESTIVAL and ENO'S "FRUIT SALT."

"Station Staff Office, Surat, Oct. 3, 1889.—Sir,—It may interest you to know the effect of your Eno's 'Fruit Salt' on a Munchi in this city. He had never heard of it, and was complaining of pains in the head from effects of over-eating at the 'Mohurram Festival,' so I told him to take a bottle from me, and he did. The day after his pains were gone, and he had given the whole bottle to his family, who said they felt different people. He now swears by it, and has advised all the other Mahommedans in this city to take it, *and they have actually taken to it* as a usual thing now. He is so pleased with it that he takes about half a bottle a week.—I am, Sir, yours truly, "A LIEUTENANT."

The Value of "ENO'S FRUIT SALT" cannot be told. Its success in Europe, Asia, Africa, America, Australia, and New Zealand proves it.

CAUTION.—Examine each Bottle, and see that the Capsule is marked ENO'S "FRUIT SALT." Without it you have been imposed on by a worthless and occasionally a poisonous imitation. Sold by all Chemists.

Prepared only at Eno's "Fruit Salt" Works, London, S.E., by J. C. Eno's Patent.

A HOUSEHOLD TREASURE.
LIGHT, SOFT, WARM, and EASILY WASHED.

NURSERY SIZE. **1/6** CARRIAGE PAID. FULL BED SIZE. **3/6** CARRIAGE PAID.

WHITHAM'S MARVELLOUS BLANKETS

ARE RECOMMENDED BY
MRS. CATHERINE GLADSTONE,
Wife of the Right Hon. W. E. GLADSTONE, M.P.,
who writes as follows:—

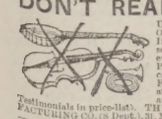
"Hawarden Castle, Oct. 16, 1885.
"We thank you for the excellent children's blankets you have been so kind to send for our little grandson. I entirely agree with you that much illness proceeds from chills, and that young children's lives depend very much on warm clothing. I shall be very glad to order six pairs, and recommend articles which seem to me to be invaluable from their warmth and cheapness. The ease with which they are washed is also another great advantage, and I wish you full success in your undertaking.
"I remain, yours faithfully,
"CATH. GLADSTONE."

NURSERY SIZE. **1/6** CARRIAGE PAID. FULL BED SIZE. **3/6** CARRIAGE PAID.

WHITHAM'S MARVELLOUS BLANKETS.

PRICES:
(Carriage Paid to any Address.)
NURSERY BLANKET.
(Size, 5 ft. by 40 in.) One for 1s. 6d., two for 2s., three for 4s. 3d., six for 8s., or twelve for 15s.
FULL BED SIZE.
One Blanket 3s. 6d., two for 7s., three for 10s., six for 19s., or twelve for 36s.
THOUSANDS OF TESTIMONIALS.
N.B.—MONEY RETURNED IF NOT APPROVED.
These marvellously Cheap and Cosy Blankets are to be obtained only of—
W. D. WHITHAM,
37, CORPORATION STREET, MANCHESTER,
to whom send Postal Order naming "The Penny Illustrated Paper."

DON'T READ THIS!



Unless you like music. One of our facile Self-Instructors is presented, gratis, with every Instrument. Price-List free. Musical Instruments and Fittings of every kind at the wholesale price, and carriage paid (See Testimonials in price-list). THE STAINER MANUFACTURING CO. (S Dept.), 31, Moorgate-st., London.

DR. SCOTT'S PILLS.
The safest Medicine.
DR. SCOTT'S PILLS
Cure Sick Headaches and Giddiness.
DR. SCOTT'S PILLS
Cure Indigestion and Flatulency.
DR. SCOTT'S PILLS
Cure Lassitude and Nervous Depression.
DR. SCOTT'S PILLS.
Restore the Appetite and Promote Digestion.
DR. SCOTT'S PILLS.
The best Family Aperient Medicine.
DR. SCOTT'S PILLS.
Mild but effectual.
DR. SCOTT'S BILIOUS and LIVER PILLS. Some unscrupulous persons, for the sake of making a larger profit, may try to persuade you to buy some preparation of their own. Do not do so, but insist on having Dr. Scott's Bilious and Liver Pills, which are wrapped in a square green label, bearing the name of the Proprietor, W. LAMBERT, 173, Seymour-place, London, W.

THE "EXCELSIOR" SILVER WATCH.

LADY'S ENGRAVED CASE. **19s.** **19s.** GENT'S A LARGER SIZE.

WONDERFUL TIMEKEEPER. Silver Case, Crystal Plate Glass, Six Jewels, Lady's or Gent's, 19s. post-free. Written Warranty. Full particulars and Remarkable Testimonials in our SPLENDID NEW CATALOGUE. Elegantly illustrated with 100s Engravings, containing "HOW TO CHOOSE A WATCH." "WHAT IS A PERFECT WATCH?" &c., sent Gratis.

50s. ENGLISH LEVER. **50s.**
£2 10s. Capped and Jewelled. Marvellous value. A MONTH'S FREE TRIAL ALLOWED.

THE "KNOCKABOUT" WATCH, **7s. 9d.**
Marvellous and genuine. Guaranteed timekeeper.

DO NOT BUY JEWELLERY at a Shop. Send direct to the Manufacturers. Hall-marked Name Brooch, 1s. 6d.; large Silver Brooch, 1s.6.; Imitation Diamond Earrings, 1s.6.; Horseshoe Scarf-Pin, 6d.; Lady's Albert, 4s. 6d.; Gent's Hall-marked Albert, 6s. 6d. All genuine Silver. Gold Keeper Rings, 3s.; Gold Earrings, 2s. 9d.; also Gold Jewellery, Electro-Plate, and Cutlery. Every Pattern Illustrated. SEND POSTCARD FOR CATALOGUE.

C. LANGDON DAVIES and CO.,
Belgrave House, Bristol-street, Birmingham.
WATCH CLUBS SUPPLIED.

SODEN MINERAL PASTILLES

SPECIALLY RECOMMENDED BY
Sir Morell Mackenzie
WHOSE TESTIMONIAL IS WITH EACH BOX.
FOR
THROAT IRRITATION, COUGHS, COLDS, BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA, AND CATARRHAL AFFECTIONS.
OF ALL CHEMISTS AT 1/1½
OR FOR 15 STAMPS FROM
Soden Mineral Pastile Company, Limited,
52, BREAD ST., CHEAPSIDE, E.C.

IN ALL CASES OF
RHEUMATISM, SCIATICA, LUMBAGO,
BACKACHE, or STIFFNESS,
ONE SINGLE RUBBING
WITH THE PURE PRODUCT
BAYLEY'S WOOD OILS

Is guaranteed to do more good than Six Similar Rubbings with any other Compound Oil, Embrocation, Liniment, or Patent Medicine advertised for the cure of similar maladies, and the Proprietors of these preparations are challenged to refute this statement if they can.

BAYLEY'S WOOD OILS

Is no American quackery, no mere mixture of Hartshorn and Oil, or other worthless compounds. It is NOT a Patent Medicine, but it is a
Pure Penetrating Principle,
which penetrates to the root of the disease, and thus eradicates the malady which compounds fail to relieve.

DON'T DELAY. DON'T BE DECEIVED.
If you are a sufferer, send at once to your nearest Chemist for a bottle of
BAYLEY'S WOOD OILS (Price 1s.)
If he hasn't it in stock, don't be put off, but send 15 stamps to the Proprietor,
C. BAYLEY, Chemist, Walsall,
who will forward it post free.

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE.

CAUTION:—
GENUINE CHLORODYNE.
Each Bottle of this well-known Remedy for
COUGHS, COLDS, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, NEURALGIA, TOOTHACHE, SPASMS, &c., bears on the Government stamp the name of the Inventor,
DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE.

FOR BREAKFAST.
THE PERFECTION OF PREPARED COCOA.
TAYLOR BROTHERS'
"MARAVILLA" COCOA.
Sold in Tin-lined Packets only by all Grocers.

A SOLUBLE COCOA.
Making a delicious beverage of the consistency of Tea.
TAYLOR BROTHERS'
PURE COCOA.
AN AFTERNOON CHOCOLATE.
Sold in Tins only, by all Grocers.

TAYLOR BROTHERS,
MARAVILLA, HOMŒOPATHIC, ROCK, FLAKE, PEARL, and PURE COCOA MANUFACTURERS.
Brick-lane and Wentworth-street Steam Mills, Spitalfields, London.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.
EDWARDS' DESICCATED SOUPS.
FOR GRAVIES, SOUPS, SAUCES, and Improving Stews and Hashes.
EDWARDS' ECONOMIC COOKERY.
A Useful Book, post-free, on naming this Paper, from
FREDK. KING & CO., LT., 26, Waring-street, Belfast; 3 to 6, Cannonlie-street, London.
Proprietors of
"GRAVINA."
EDWARDS' GRAVY POWDER.

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.
EPPS'S
(BREAKFAST)
COCOA
NEEDS ONLY BOILING WATER OR MILK.

THE PUREST CONFECTIONERY
CHEAPER THAN EVER, supplied by
JOHN H. CATES,
Wholesale and Export Confectioner,
80, High-street, Borough, S.E.
Town and Country Dealers will find no better house. Trade Price-Lists free by post. All orders to the amount of £2 and upwards carriage paid to any railway station within 250 Miles of London; beyond that distance 5 per cent will be allowed off Invoices in lieu of carriage; and all orders to the amount of £1 carriage paid within Carter, Paterson, and Co.'s delivery. Goods delivered in town and Suburbs by our own vans daily.

DR. RIDGE'S
PATENT COOKED FOOD.
SOLD EVERYWHERE.
"USED NOW IN ALL THE ROYAL NURSERIES."

SPECIALLY FOR THE TRAINING OF THE MOUSTACHE.
HINDE'S
PATENT
CURLING PINS.
With one of these little instruments the moustache can, in a few seconds, without using heat or liquid preparation, be set at any desired angle. Used with one hand only, and easily carried in the waistcoat pocket.
Hinde's Patent Curlers are obtainable throughout the three Queendoms, at all Toilet Requisite Houses,
SIXPENCE THE BOX OF FOUR.
See that the name "Hinde's" is on the label, as spurious imitations are offered, which are absolutely useless frauds.
Sample pair, post-free, six stamps, from
THE PATENTEES,
HINDE'S (LIMITED),
Metropolitan Works, Birmingham.

A CLEAR COMPLEXION.
Pimples, Black Specks, Freckles, Sunburn, and unsightly Blotches on the Face, Neck, Arms, and Hands can be instantly removed by using Mrs. JAMES'S HERBAL OINTMENT, made entirely from herbs, and warranted harmless. It possesses a most delightful fragrance, and the lovely clearness it imparts to the skin astonishes everyone. Of most Chemists; or a box of it, sent (with testimonials and directions for use), post-free and free from observation, to any address, on receipt of 15 stamps, to Mrs. C. James, 268, Caledonian-road, Barnsbury, London, N.

HAIR DESTROYER.—JAMES'S Depilatory instantly and effectually removes superfluous hairs from the Face, Neck, or Arms, without injury to the skin. No lady should be without it. To be had of most Chemists; or a box of it sent (with directions), free from observation, post-free, 15 stamps. Mrs. C. JAMES, 268, Caledonian-road, London, N.

LUXURIANT HAIR.—Long Flowing Eyelashes, Eyebrows, &c., are Quickly Produced by using JAMES'S HERBAL POMADE. It is most invaluable for the production of whiskers, beard, and moustachios; it causes the hair to grow on bald places and scanty partings like magic. Of all Chemists, 1s.; or a box of it sent (with directions for use), free from observation, post-free for 15 stamps.—Mrs. C. JAMES, 268, Caledonian-road, London, N.

4/6 IRISH Linen Collars.

Gent's Four-fold all Pure Linen Collars, all sizes and shapes, 4s. 6d. per dozen. Sample White Shirt, Linen Fittings, 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., 4s. 6d., 5s. 6d., and 6s. 6d. each, post-free.
PURE IRISH LINEN GOODS AT MANUFACTURERS' PRICES.

Hemstitched.
Ladies' size ... 2s. 3d. per doz.
Gents' size ... 3s. 6d. "
Hemstitched.
Ladies' size ... 2s. 11d. per doz.
Gents' size ... 4s. 11d. "

IRISH CAMBRIC POCKET HANDKERCHIEFS.
Ladies' size ... 2s. 3d. per doz.
Gents' size ... 3s. 6d. "
SAMPLES and Price List of Handkerchiefs and Hand-made Irish Linen FREE to all parts. All parcels carriage paid.
G. R. HUTTON and CO., Larne, Belfast.

PARIS EXHIBITION, 1889.—GOLD MEDAL awarded to J. S. FRY and SONS.

FRY'S PURE CONCENTRATED SOLUBLE EASILY DIGESTED ECONOMICAL COCOA

"I have never tasted Cocoa that I like so well. IT IS ESPECIALLY ADAPTED TO THOSE WHOSE DIGESTIVE ORGANS ARE WEAK.
"Sir C. A. CAMERON, M.D."

DO NOT FAIL

to send for design showing exact size of our
DEFIANCE LOCKSTITCH MACHINE,

WORKS BY HAND OR TREADLE.
Only 40s. Complete.
Warranted for 4 years. Especially adapted for Dressmaking and Family Sewing, and so simple as to require no instruction beyond the Guide-Book which is given (and all accessories) with each Machine. Supplied on easy terms—at 5s. per Month. Particulars post-free.
W. J. HARRIS and CO., Limited,
219, OLD KENT-ROAD and 69, NEWINGTON-CAUSEWAY, LONDON; and Branches.

SYMINGTON'S Gold Medal PEA FLOUR.

For Soups, &c. EASILY DIGESTED.
Sold in Packets and Tins by Grocers everywhere.
Patentees and Manufacturers—
Bowden Steam Mills, Market Harborough.

GIVEN AWAY with 6d. and 1s. Bottle of CRYSTAL PALACE JOHN BOND'S GOLD MEDAL MARKING INK or the EBONITE INK—no heating to be applied—a Voucher entitling Purchaser to their Name in Full or Monogram Rubber Stamp, marking linen or stamping paper. Sold everywhere; or, direct Works, Six or Twelve Stamps.—75, Southgate-road, London, N. Business Rubber Stamp, Round, Square, or Oval, from 1s.

BUTLER'S MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.—Violins, Guitars, Banjos, Flutes, Clarionettes, Concertinas, Harmoniums, Pianos, Cornets. Violins, with bows, in case, complete, 20s., 25s., 30s., 40s., 50s., sent carriage paid.
G. BUTLER, 28, Haymarket, London.
Illustrated Catalogues, 60 pages, sent post-free.

BUTLER'S BRASS-BAND INSTRUMENTS, Drums, Flutes, Clarionets, Cornets, Saxhorns, &c., in use in all parts of the world, giving universal satisfaction.—28, Haymarket, London. Illustrated Price-List post-free.

D'ALMAINE and CO. PIANOS and ORGANS. ABSOLUTE SALE. 50 per cent discount. Ten years warranty. Easy terms. Cottage Pianos, 8 guineas, 10 guineas, 12 guineas, &c.

Class 0, 14 gs.	Class 3, 23 gs.	Class 6, 35 gs.
Class 1, 17 gs.	Class 4, 26 gs.	Class 7, 40 gs.
Class 2, 20 gs.	Class 5, 30 gs.	Class 8, 45 gs.

American Organs, by all the best makers, from 4½ gs. upwards. Full price paid will be allowed for any instrument within three years if one of a higher class be taken, and will be exchanged free if not approved of within one month. Illustrations and particulars post-free.—T. D'ALMAINE and CO. (Est. 104 years), 91, Finsbury-pavement, London.

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS of all kinds, and FITTINGS, at T. R. WILLIS ("Tower" Organ Works), 29, Minories, London. Established 1827.

WATCHES.—In Bankruptcy. 500 Solid SILVER WATCHES, four holes jewelled, 10s. 6d. each; superior ditto, 12s. 6d. Being genuine, any sent post-free on approval.—BENNETT, Practical Maker, Accountant, and Valuer to the Trade, Mitcham, Surrey. Lists and Prices of others post-free.

LEVER WATCHES—LEVER WATCHES.
WHY go to large shops and pay five guineas, when you can buy the same with a five-years warranty for Two Guineas? Sent on approval post-free.—BENNETT, Practical Maker and Valuer to the Trade, Mitcham, Surrey.

CLOCKS—IN BANKRUPTCY—CLOCKS.
500 LARGE MARBLE CLOCKS, variegated pillars, gold lines, going 15 days, 15s. 6d. each. Any sent on approval, with five years' warranty.—BENNETT, Accountant, Mitcham, Surrey.

MUSICAL BOXES—IN BANKRUPTCY.
150 LARGE powerful-tone BOXES, playing six tunes, 30s.; usual price, £4 4s. 100 ditto, playing eight tunes, extra large, £2 2s.; usual price, £6 6s. Any sent on approval. List of tunes post-free.—BENNETT, Accountant, Mitcham, Surrey.

WHISKERS, &c.—BALDNESS. Whiskerine positively forces luxuriant growth in a few days. Surprises everybody. Will prove it or forfeit £100. Free, 12 stamps.—J. RENNIE, Chemist, St. Luke's, Cork. Only test it.

V.S. V.S. V.S.
SINGER'S NEW VIBRATING SHUTTLE MACHINE

IS THE
BEST HOUSEHOLD SEWING MACHINE
Ever Offered to the Public.

IT HAS THE
SIMPLEST SHUTTLE,
SHORTEST NEEDLE,
BEST STITCH ADJUSTMENT,
MOST PERFECT TENSION,
IS NOISELESS, and
MAKES the PRETTIEST STITCH.

Complete Accessories, Handsome Cabinet Work.

EASY TO BUY.
EASY TO LEARN.
EASY TO WORK.

FOR CASH TEN PER CENT DISCOUNT,
OR ON HIRE WITH OPTION OF PURCHASE.

Liberal Allowance for Old Machines.

THE
SINGER MANUFACTURING COMPANY.

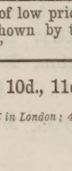
MANAGEMENT FOR UNITED KINGDOM,
39, Foster-lane, London, E.C.
AND 407 BRANCHES IN GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

3s. SEWING MACHINE 3s.
Patented No. 7309.

Does work which will bear comparison with that of any £5 Machine. No complications. Therefore does not require to be learnt. No winding of Bobbins. No trouble; no experience. It will do the dress-making, &c. Sent, carriage free, 3s. 6d.; two for 6s. 6d. Extra needles, 6d. and 1s. per Packet. Call and see them at work. Agents wanted. Address—
SEWING MACHINE COMPANY,
19 DEPT., 55, CHANCERY-LANE, LONDON, W.C.

TAFFS PURE SWEETS. Improve the appearance and add to the value of your Shop by selling the above. Please send Post Card for Traveller to call with samples.
CHARLES TAFF,
High-class Confectionery Works,
The Grove, Hackney, London, N.E.
Agent for best Icelandic Sugar and finest Essence of Lemon.

THE DANCING SKELETON.
A jointed figure of a skeleton 14 in. high. Will dance to music and perform various tricks. When placed on a chair or table will begin to move, stand up, lie down, &c., to the astonishment of all. Creates roars of laughter, and gives endless fun.



Sample 3d., or three for 1s. 6d. carriage paid.
J. G. COLLINS,
Imperial Mansions, Oxford-street, London, W.C.

£2 Weekly Realised by Either Sex without hindrance to present occupation. For sample, &c., inclose addressed envelope to EVANS, WATTS, and CO. (P 5), Merchants, Birmingham.

THE BEST TEA ON EARTH.
HORNIMAN'S

Ladies are the best judges of Tea, and, in spite of allurements of low prices and consequent low quality, will have the best Tea. This has for sixty years been shown by their always preferring HORNIMAN'S Pure Tea, strong, delicious, and "Always good Alike."

LONDON PRICES:—5d., 6d., 7d., 8d., 9d., 10d., 11d. per ¼ lb.

SOLD by EVANS, opposite Mansion House, and 75, St. Paul's Churchyard; 400 CONFECTIONERS in London; 4000 CHEMISTS in the Country.

J. THEOBALD & COMPANY'S SPECIALTIES.

THE CELEBRATED

BIJOU MAGIC LANTERNS

AND SLIDES.

THE SALE INCREASES EVERY YEAR.
NOTHING BETTER FOR A PRESENT.

These carry the palm over all others. Each set is packed in a japanned tin travelling case. The Lanterns and all of the Slides are of superior English make. These are specially got up so as to form nice presents, and will give satisfaction everywhere. No. 1 Set comprises japanned tin case containing a best English-made Lantern, fitted with two lenses, paraffin lamp, glass chimney, silvered reflector, 69 really Comic Figures on 12 long Slides, 3 complete Nursery Tales, each tale having 12 pictures on 4 Slides, making 36 more pictures; 2 Comic Slipping Slides, 2 moving Lever Slides, 2 moving Panorama Slides, 1 "Good Night" Slide, 1 "Welcome," 1 Curtain, 1 Queen, 1 Man Swallowing Rats, 2 Chinese Firework Slides, making 109 pictures in all, complete with instructions, giving a picture on the sheet of 3ft. diameter. Price 10s. 6d. No. 2. Precisely similar, but having a No. 2 Lantern and No. 2 Slides, forming a larger size throughout. Gives a picture 4ft. in diameter. Price 14s. 6d. No. 3. Having a No. 3 Lantern and No. 3 Slides. Throughout a very excellent set, giving a 5ft. diameter picture. Price 21s. Bottles of especially prepared Chemical Oil, giving far superior light, at 1s., 1s. 6d., and 2s. 6d. Larger sets up to £50. See Illustrated Catalogue.

THE SHADOW PANTOMIME.

Complete Theatre to fit up and take to pieces. Strongly jointed, with large number of figures, and book of words. Free, 1s. 3d. Much superior and larger ditto, with lamps complete, 2s. 6d. The PANORAMA PEEP-SHOW, fitted with handsome front, folding side-wings, lens, silvered reflectors, and six coloured scenes, 1s. 3d.; larger ditto, with twenty scenes and three lamps, 2s. 6d. THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY-LANE. Splendid fit-up of theatre, supports, play, and book of words complete. Free, 1s. 6d.; larger size, 2s. 10d., 5s. 6d., 10s. 6d., and 21s.

THE MARVELLOUS ELECTRIC COIL.

Complete apparatus; a powerful Electric Coil, Contact Breaker, Platinum, Handles, Wires, Stand, Coil, Armatures, and Fittings complete, free 1s. 3d. Very superior ditto, with powerful Battery, 2s. 9d. Warranted to work. Selling in thousands.

MODEL ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH,

complete with Battery, 1s. 9d. Pair for 2s. 6d. Powerful Electric Bell Apparatus, 3s. 6d.

SEWING-MACHINES GIVEN AWAY.

A Great Company in Liquidation.
Last Few Hundreds Now Selling.
THE CELEBRATED MOLDACOT

SEWING MACHINES.

UNPARALLELED OFFER!

2000 Sold in Three Weeks. Hundreds of Testimonials from Delighted Purchasers. Send stamped envelope for Testimonials and Specimens of Work.

A SPLENDID LOCKSTITCH SEWING MACHINE complete for 6s. 6d., carriage free. A chance of a century. Owing to the failure of this great company, we have been enabled to buy up 5000 of their BEST QUALITY SEWING MACHINES at 75 per cent under proper price, and thus to sell a practical Family Sewing Machine at less price than is asked for a toy chain-stitch machine. Sewing-machine makers aghast and paralysed at our selling machines for 6s. 6d. which work as well as theirs at £10! Once this lot is sold, no more can be had. We could not make them at a guinea each. These machines are suitable for either finest or coarsest work. No catchpenny advertisement. The biggest bargain ever offered. Call and see them. Each machine silver-plated. All orders must be sent within 28 days. Coupon must be cut out and sent with each order. A COMPLETE, THOROUGH, PRACTICAL, LOCKSTITCH SHUTTLE SEWING-MACHINE, carriage free, 6s. 6d.; Two for 12s. 6d.; Three for 18s. Extra Needles, 1s. per dozen. Never another chance like this. The Machines were obliged to be sold by the Official Liquidator at any price offered, so as to close the estate, hence this price. There is an enormous loss on every Machine sold.

P.I.P. COUPON.
Entitles Holder to ONE MOLDACOT SEWING MACHINE for 6s. 6d., if sent within Twenty-eight Days from this date.
(Signed) J. THEOBALD and CO.

THE CELEBRATED

NORWEGIAN SLIPPERS.

ORIGINAL INTRODUCERS. SALE, 1000 PAIRS DAILY.

We are happy to state we have greatly improved these Slippers at an extra cost, without charging the public any more. They are now made a much better shape, and much stronger throughout, and better quality material, in Scarlet, Blue, and Black. The great advantage of these slippers is that there is no leather, nails, or hard substance to hurt the feet. They are felt throughout, very strong, very nice-looking, and very easy. We send them to all parts of the world; people wear them all the year round. Try one pair, and you will soon send for more. Prices: Ladies', 1s. 6d., post-free; gentlemen's, 1s. 9d. 2d. per pair discount if three pairs are taken, 4d. per pair discount if six pairs. State size required, and try a pair at once. Customers who once have them always have them.

GREAT SALE OF OVERCOATS.

MORE ENORMOUS BARGAINS.
ANY SIZE IN STOCK.

It is a well-known fact that we never take up an article unless it is worth taking up. We took up the 10s. MOLDACOT SEWING MACHINE, and sold over 10,000 in six months at 6s. 6d., and had thousands of testimonials. One of the largest Wholesale Manufacturing Clothing Companies in the world has now asked us to introduce to the public their SPECIAL

MELTON CHESTERFIELD OVERCOATS.

They offer them at about 1s. over the actual cost. It is a well-known fact that Tailors obtain an enormous profit, and people pay double and treble what they need do. We have agreed to take this matter up for one month only as a trial, and we accordingly now offer to send, carriage free, a SUPERIOR QUALITY

MELTON CHESTERFIELD OVERCOAT

at 15s. per coat, to effect immediate clearance (far below cost), equal in wear and appearance to many charged 40s. and 50s. for. The wear of the cloth is guaranteed. The coats are well made in the latest fashion, and offered at this extraordinary price for twenty-eight days only. They can be had in navy blue or dark brown, the blue especially recommended. Specimen of the cloth for two stamps.

Coupon must be cut out and sent with order, and order must be received by us within twenty-eight days to secure at this price.

Only measurement required, number of inches round the chest, and measurement from centre back seam to bottom of coat sleeve, and length desired.

P.I.P. COUPON.
Entitles holder to superior quality MELTON CHESTERFIELD OVERCOAT for 15s., carriage free. J. THEOBALD and CO.

SKATES! SKATES!! SKATES!!!

ASTOUNDING PRICES!

Every pair guaranteed. All made of Bessemer Steel. No common rubbish kept. 10,000 Pairs ready to go off by return of post.

THE CELEBRATED CALEDONIAN SKATES. Only one screw to turn at the heel, which makes the skate bite all over the foot, and cannot work loose. The Skate of the season. The only recognised perfect Skate. Enormous sale last season. Carriage free, 6s. 6d.

THE RENOWNED ACME PATTERN SKATE. Best quality. Once the screws are adjusted properly to the feet, it is only necessary to press a lever to take them on or off. Price, free, 3s. 6d.; Nickel Silver, 6s. 6d.

THE POPULAR KENSINGTON STEEL SKATE. Fastens to the heel by means of a screw knob, with leather straps to go across the toe. Free, 2s. 6d. per pair. Send for Catalogue for full description. Order to fit. Be sure and say the length of your boot in inches. Every size in stock—7, 7½, up to 12 inches.

ENORMOUS SCRAP PARCELS.

The biggest value, largest number and best quality ever offered. The Relief Scraps in these Parcels contain six to twelve colours in each picture. No. 1 Packet contains 250 beautifully coloured Relief Scraps and Pictures of Animals, Ships, Farm Houses, Clowns, Niggers, Musicians, Portraits, Games, Royalty, Children, Birds, Flowers, Comic Scenes, &c. Gratis with every packet, a magnificent Puzzle Picture to put together of 322 pieces. The entire lot, carriage free, 1s. 3d. The No. 2 Parcel contains all the above in much larger variety, making 600 pictures altogether; and with every 2s. 6d. packet is presented, gratis, a magnificent 6d. Scrap Picture of Father Christmas, and two magnificent Pictures of the Prince and Princess of Wales. Carriage free, 2s. 6d. Purchasers of two 2s. 6d. Packets receive three 6d. Scrap Pictures, gratis. The No 3 Scripture Relief Scrap Parcel contains 216 pictures, illustrating scenes in the Old and New Testament. Free, 1s. 3d. Splendid Scrap Albums, 9d., 1s. 3d., 2s., and 3s. each, free.

NIGGER AND AMATEUR THEATRICALS.

Immense assortment; only best quality. Moustachios, 6d.; Whiskers and Moustachios, 1s.; Beards, 1s.; full ditto, 1s 6d.; Niggers' Wigs, 2s. 3d., or rising top, 3s 3d.; Sets of Bones, 1s., 1s. 6d., 2s. 6d.; Black for Faces, 8d. and 1s. 2d.; Collars, 1s. 2d. and 1s. 6d.; Cuffs, 1s., 1s. 6d., 2s. pair; Shirt Fronts, 2s., 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d.; False Noses, 6d.; Tambourines, 1s., 1s. 6d., 2s., 2s. 6d.; Banjos, 4s. 6d., 6s. 6d., 8s. 6d.; Spangles, 7d. and 1s. 2d. packet; Boxes of Theatrical Make-up, Paints, Powders, Rouge, Brushes, &c., 2s. 9d., 5s. 6d., and 10s. 6d.; Masks of every description.

THE CHRISTMAS BABY: great fun;

grows to an enormous size, shrivels up to almost nothing, cries, yells, coos, is good, bad, or indifferent as desired. Post-free 1s 2d., three for 2s. 6d. Rag Dolls.—The best-dressed Rag Doll in England, 13 in. high, free 1s. 4½d., best quality ditto, 2s. 6d.

KAZOO.—The wonderful

Instrument for imitating Punch and Judy, Cats' Concert, Birds, Cock Crowing, and every other Animal or Instrument played by anyone. Post-free, 1s., three for 2s. 6d. Miniature Bagpipes, warranted to play, free, 1s. 2d. The new Mechanical Whistling Locomotive, 8in. long, nickel-silvered, whistles as it runs along, free, 1s. 6d. The little Dancing Devil, dances furiously, 1s. 2d.; Twin Devils, 1s. 8d.

THE VICTORIA PHOTOGRAPHIC CAMERA.

For Gas-light Photography; greatest fun out for winter evenings; guaranteed to act. Camera, focussing tube, shutter, chamicals, and six plates, sufficient to produce six Portraits, complete, 1s. 3d. Extra plates, 6d. per packet.

THE GEM CAMERA,

for Daylight Photography. Complete, 3s.

GRAND ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE, with 500 Engravings, post free, 1d. Novelties of every description imaginable. Special Catalogue of Steam Engines and Parts, 3d. Special Catalogue of Magic Lanterns, Slides, and Apparatus, 3d. Extra Special Ditto, 200 pages, 8d.

J. THEOBALD & COMPANY (Established 50 years), **7a, BATH PLACE, & 20, CHURCH STREET, KENSINGTON, LONDON, W.**

FOR INTERNAL USE.

THE BEST OF ALL BLOOD PURIFIERS

PER PACKET s. d. 1-1½

FRAZER'S SULPHUR TABLETS

PER PACKET s. d. 1-1½

Sole Proprietors
FRAZER & Co. 29, Ludgate Hill, LONDON. E.C.

TEST THEM FREE OF CHARGE.

Write us a letter or post card, naming "Penny Illustrated Paper," and we will send you samples of FRAZER'S SULPHUR TABLETS gratis and post free. They are for internal use for the Blood, Skin, Complexion, Rheumatism, and Constipation. They are put up in packets, price 1s. 1½d. (post free, 1s. 3d.), and are for sale by most Chemists and Medicine Vendors.

Sole Proprietors: FRAZER and CO., 29, Ludgate-hill, London, E.C.

TEST THEM FREE OF CHARGE.

WHAT WE ARE PREPARED TO DO.

We are prepared to supply 25,000 clergymen with two packets of FRAZER'S SULPHUR TABLETS for gift and test among sick poor parishioners.

We are prepared to pay postage thereon (25,000 at 3d.), value £312 10s.

We are prepared to supply 250,000 of the general public with samples of FRAZER'S SULPHUR TABLETS, gratis and post-free.

We are prepared to pay the postage thereon (250,000 at 1d.), value £1803 6s. 8d.

A WORD OF ADVICE.

Don't write for the samples simply because we offer them free of charge, nor because your neighbour does. Read our advertisement through to the end, and then decide whether you or yours need or would be benefited by the use of FRAZER'S SULPHUR TABLETS. We do not pose as philanthropists. This is a business offer. We have an article that we know from severe tests and from results achieved will sell on its merits if seen, tasted, and tested. Sulphur is the oldest, the best, and safest remedy for the blood, for the skin, for the complexion, for rheumatism, and for constipation. FRAZER'S SULPHUR TABLETS are composed of sulphur incorporated with cream of tartar and other curative ingredients. They are much more efficacious than sulphur in milk or treacle. This has been proved time and again. They are liked. Men favour them, women hail them as a boon, and children think them as pleasant to eat as confectionery. They benefit all, and are as efficacious and curative as they are safe and agreeable.

TWO THOUSAND POUNDS HARD CASH.

This was the sum we stood to lose, plus the cost of advertisements, if, when seen and tested, FRAZER'S SULPHUR TABLETS had failed to merit approval. Do us the justice to admit this is a fair test. We supply the samples free. We prepay the postage. All you do is to write a letter or postcard and ask for them.

WHY DO WE TAKE THIS RISK?

This is what people ask us. We reply, Because those who write for the samples afterwards buy packets of FRAZER'S SULPHUR TABLETS by post from us, or obtain them from Chemists, Stores, or Medicine Vendors. People likewise recommend and keep the Tablets by them. The consequence is that we sell several hundred dozen packets weekly, and the sale is rapidly growing. This is trade by merit. The public have shown discrimination and that they can appreciate merit, and it was in firm reliance that this would be the case that we were led to incur this risk.

DO I NEED THEM?

If you have Rheumatism, Yes. They will kill the decomposed and poisonous excess of uric acid in the blood, causing the disease.

If you have Constipation, Yes. They are a gentle, safe, and simple laxative, as suitable for children (in smaller doses) as for adults.

If you have Hemorrhoids, Yes. They relieve the congestion of venous blood at the affected parts, and afford relief.

If you have Ulcers, Scrofula, Scurvy, or other Impurities of the Blood, Yes. They neutralise the blood poisons causing the diseases, and expel them out of the system.

If you have Skin Disease or Eruptions, Yes. They have a specific curative effect on all such, as they open the pores from internally, and free them from obstruction and disease taint. They likewise "scotch" where they do not kill the disease principle from the blood, which causes eczema and other diseases.